The Congregational Quarterly

EDITORIAL.

It is not easy, writing many days before comments are read, to discuss the war situation. The Prime Minister retains the confidence of the country, and his speeches do much to inspire and hearten. So far as can be seen, the leaders of all the Parties are working harmoniously with him, and expediting the war effort. We are slow to move, however, and, with the impending crisis in transport, it has been deplorable to read of dock delays. Sir Archibald Wavell, whose Lees Knowles lectures show him to be a great human as well as a great general, has provided the country with a series of spectacular victories in Africa, victories based on thorough preparation and sound strategy. The country is longing to learn that the whole African situation has been cleared up, so that men and munitions might be freed to face the enemy should the attack come in the Balkans: this is natural, but amateur strategists, unaware of the difficulties, are always impatient. The capture of Rhodes would also be welcome, not only because it would form a useful base, but because it would be gratifying to secure such a gem unbattered and unspoilt. The movements round the Mediterranean are much like a game of chess: we live in hope that General Wavell's queen will inflict a sudden and serious loss on the enemy.

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"The people are splendid". So reports every visitor from abroad. And they are right: the people are resolute, brave, cheerful, humorous. It is the spirit of the people that will see us through to victory and to peace, and we trust the authorities to ensure it is not disturbed by swiftly repressing all profiteering and all selfish attempts to ensure personal security at the expense of others. Once more we appeal for more confidence in the people—more news, more expositions of policy, more daylight. This is possible without divulging information to the enemy, and it is essential if democracy is to function. Often the manner in which information is given is at fault. A Squadron Leader has twice been allowed to talk about air-raid *communiqués* in a way which suggested that the British people were ignorant children who must be told something to keep them quiet. And our lady with the beautiful voice always sounds so—no, it shall not be said—patronizing, or at best as if the hearers were fretful children who should be soothed. This is the war of the

people: treat the people as if they were intelligent men and women; tell them all that can be told; trust them; call for the best in them. They will not let the country down.

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BRITAIN, it is true to say, was never so united as it is today: Mr. Churchill has the backing of a united people, determined that totalitarianism must be destroyed. Some people do not seem to realize what an asset that unity is. Let anyone dare to say that the war must be waged by brain as well as by brawn, and that the people of this country will not be satisfied after the war with a land of contrasted poverty and plenty, unemployment and unlimited profits, the hounds are at once in full cry, Sir Archibald Southby attacks Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mr. A. P. Herbert even uses the pages of *Punch* to ridicule Commander King-Hall. It is deplorable that some of our politicians are so blind that they cannot see the passion for social justice is one of our most effective weapons of war. It is well that they, and all of us, including the Churches, should accustom themselves swiftly to the idea *that things are not going to be the same after the war*. There will be ample opportunity for experiment in church work, and it is hoped that ecclesiastical statesmen are thinking hard.

Before our next issue appears will intervene the most crucial weeks in the history of the war, perhaps of the world. Whatever happens in the Balkans and in the Mediterranean there is certain to be a violent and sustained onslaught on our shipping and on our coasts. We shall need all our courage, grit, and resilience, and every man and every woman must play their part without flinching. Even if our homes and our churches are bombed, our lot will be easy compared with the men of the Navy, the Mercantile Marine, and the Royal Air Force, and in due time of the Army too. Already there has been magnificent heroism, much of it unchronicled. The amount of voluntary, and often sacrificial, service can never have been surpassed, and people of all social grades are co-operating in a fashion that augurs well for the future. The passage of the Lease and Lend Bill will increase the flow of help from the United States, and then Hitler will unleash his attack.

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MEANWHILE the Churches must maintain their work and witness, constantly adapting their methods to meet changing conditions. Several articles within describe various forms of service to the community in bombed cities, and there will be others in our next issue. Much of this work has been seen by the Rev. Edgar H. S. Chandler, whose recent visit as a representative of the American Churches has brought encouragement and help to a wide circle. Mr. Chandler made it abundantly clear that the American Churches are eager and ready to help the Churches in Britain both

now and after the War, and that his mission was to learn the best ways in which help could be given. Already the American Congregational Churches have sent many thousands of dollars for children and other raid-sufferers, and from Canada and other parts of the Empire help has also been forthcoming. Perhaps as a consequence of the War we shall learn once for all that the Church is a supra-national institution.

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We are not very much concerned with the controversy whether Sir Robert Vansittart is "Public Servant or Publicist?", though we should like to know if he held the views he now broadcasts in *Black Record* during the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments. If so, why did he not resign?

When an expert blunders he generally blunders badly, and *Black Record* is propaganda as stupid and unintelligent as anything which has come from Berlin in the last war or in this, which is saying a good deal! Sir Robert recently wrote a play; it was a very poor play, but let Sir Robert write many more of them rather than add to the difficulties of the fighting men by consolidating the enemy. There is, no doubt, a good case to be made against the German people, in that so easily and so often they have allowed themselves to be led astray by "the butcher-bird". But Burke, an infinitely wiser man than Sir Robert, taught us long ago that it was impossible to indict a nation, and it seems incredible that with his long experience Sir Robert has not learnt this lesson. What millions of anti-Nazi Germans in all parts of the world, what supporters of Britain with German blood like Mr. Wendell Willkie, are to make of Sir Robert's notions, can only be guessed. By all means let us use all our power to sweep the Nazi menace from the face of the earth, but when that is accomplished a new world has to be built and the children of the world saved from our bitter experience. That can only be done with the aid of thousands of decent German people who hate the war and oppression and totalitarianism as much as we do and have suffered even more cruelly from it. Surely then the sound policy is that suggested in the book-title, "Help Us Germans Beat the Nazis", and not Sir Robert's, which drives all Germans to their support. As antidote to *Black Record* we suggest Naomi Mitchison's poem, *Spring,* written during the last war:

Do lords-and-ladies grow
In German hedges?
Does the first primrose show
On their woods' edges?
Do German children go,
Laughing and bending low,
To pick the violets
From the warm edges?

Do young beasts leap and play?
Are gardens tended?
Does the sun shine all day
Smiling and splendid?
And like us too, do they,
Do German people say,
"There can be no real Spring
Till the war's ended!"?

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We have received some correspondence concerning the disappointment we expressed last quarter about the failure of many pacifists to search for service and sacrifice comparable with that men in the Forces may find to be their lot. Some correspondents share our disappointment, others seem to think that we brought a charge against all pacifists; so far from that being the case, we gladly acknowledge that many pacifists are anxious and ready for any service and sacrifice as a testimony to the sincerity of the convictions they hold. One point, however, has been made which seems to us to have weight—that sufficient regard was not paid to the difficulty many men have found in securing spheres of arduous and dangerous service; indeed some who have left safe and profitable posts because they were associated with making munitions of war have been discharged from or refused admission to the A.F.S. and other organizations. That qualification of what was said last quarter ought in fairness to be made.

We think it is also true that the churches have not been sufficiently vocal in their protests against local authorities and private employers who have discharged conscientious objectors whose sincerity had been recognized by the tribunals. The excuse has often been made that other workmen refuse to work with conscientious objectors; this, we believe, is rarely the case, for the average employee respects conscientious convictions even when he does not share them. We should like to see more pressure brought to bear by the churches and their members on public authorities and private persons who are refusing to recognize rights the State has acknowledged; this is not the defence of democracy, but its stultification.

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It has always been a major count against democracy that it is fickle and unstable. Did not the most famous crowd in the world, we are asked, change its cry within a week from "Hosanna!" to "Crucify!"? This was one of the weaknesses of democracy of which Lecky made much, and all kinds of evidence can be produced, from "the swing of the pendulum" at elections to the behaviour of football crowds, which immediately turn their cheers to jeers when an idol strikes a bad patch.

These thoughts came to mind in reading a letter from a correspondent in Santa Barbara, California. Little more than a year ago it was often said that the most popular woman in Britain was Gracie Fields. She was an entertainer of charm and versatility, and even her severest critics acknowledged that she was a great human unspoilt by success, whose money was generously given to her home town and to many deserving causes. In France we had the opportunity to see how she won her way into the hearts of the B.E.F. Then suddenly came a change: marriage to an Italian, departure from the country, unpleasant suggestions in Parliamentary questions, and Gracie Fields is no longer front-page news, but is as though she had never been. It is therefore with interest and pleasure that we read in this letter:

> Well, I heard Gracie Fields—at last! Of course I was mad about her—I am so anxious to hear her again—and again and again. I too shall follow her about now with mouth hanging open and tongue out, as you do. [N.B. This is American exaggeration! We have heard Gracie Fields once only!] She was utterly wonderful and is doing more for the British cause than a thousand speakers. The show was for British Relief, so that of course the people attending were sympathetic in the beginning. (We have a large English colony here.) But on the whole audiences in Santa Barbara at that theater are stuffed shirts—not like Los Angeles or San Francisco audiences —but they went wild over her. They stamped on the floor, clapped themselves calloused (I know!), whistled, cheered, roared with laughter, wept, sang with her, and the last few selections of the program when she sang British war songs, American songs, and "There'll always be an England", stood up for her. I have never been to anything more wonderful. . . Among other songs she sang, "We didn't say nowt abaht owt", "Eh, by gum", and "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World". Had there been a British recruiting table at the door going out, I believe the audience would have signed up to go to Britain *en masse* and help to fight out the war.

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A POLL of Americans to discover what ten books an American President should have always at hand had this result:—

The Bible.
Steinbeck, *Grapes of Wrath.*
Hitler, *Mein Kampf.*
Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization.*
Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln.*
Emerson, *Essays.*
Marx, *Capital.*
Plato, *The Republic.*
Shakespeare, *Works.*
Whitman, *Leaves of Grass.*

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It is an interesting selection, and it bears on its face both the place and time of its origin: it is safe to say that the second book on the list would certainly not be on a similar list in five years' time.

Let us see what *we* can do. Will readers of the *Congregational Quarterly* send us lists of the ten books the Prime Minister should keep on his desk or at his bedside in No. 10 Downing Street? If lists reach us by May 20th we will give the result in the next issue. And it's not as easy a job as it looks!

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THESE pages, we fear, have at times showed impatience with some of our modern poets. We therefore made a determined effort to approach Dr. J. G. Southworth's *Sowing the Spring* (Blackwell, 8s. 6d.)—"Studies in British Poets from Hopkins to MacNeice"—objectively. It is an admirable piece of literary criticism, with a particularly good essay on W. B. Yeats. The other poets in addition to those mentioned are Laurence Binyon, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot (on whom Dr. Southworth is unexpectedly and unduly severe), Hugh McDiarmid, Cecil Day Lewis, W. H. Auden, and Stephen Spender. As we read the Introduction we began to wonder if we were so "dated" (this seems the most derogatory term in Dr. Southworth's vocabulary) that we could never hope to understand or appreciate modern poetry. But when we read that some words of Hopkins were "a slight indication of his power in evoking a picture in which the reader shares the poet's vivid experience" we concluded we were indeed among the "has-beens". On consideration, however, we decided to give ourselves a reprieve until we discovered whether the words made our readers, intelligent and cultured as we know them to be, "share the poet's vivid experience". Here they are:

> Only the beak-leaved boughs dragonish damask the tool-smooth bleak light; black
> Ever so black on it ——.

Dr. Southworth puts his finger on the great weakness of modern verse in saying of Mr. Binyon's work: "There is little 'pure' poetry where the words quiver on the verge of song". How rarely these moderns sing! [And we begin the moderns with Lawrence, for Hopkins, Yeats, and Binyon are scarcely in this galley.] No doubt it is possible to write poems about machines, ideologies, and even theology (as the writer of the *Book of Job* showed), but this hotchpotch of Marx and Freud, with an obsession about the Urnings, cannot possibly yield to song: it is more like the rumblings of witches over a cauldron. If a man has a song to sing or a prophetic message to deliver, he keeps to himself all the experimentation—as the preacher keeps the details of biblical criticism in the study and does not display them in the pulpit—and lifts up a clear voice with the result. We learn that Mr. MacNeice "is

interested in assonance (clover—sober—cream-soda)" or in rhyme pattern

> circular in design. The last word of each stanza is the last word of the first verse of the following stanza with the last word of the poem being the last word of the first verse of the first stanza.

This is worse than some of those Bridge "conventions" whereby if you bid "Five Clubs" you indicate you have the King of Spades and the Knave of Diamonds, and Hearts is your strong suit, and you are ready for a break for refreshments! But when this is called poetry do we not do well to be—impatient?

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Mr. Lloyd C. Douglas, the novelist, was once a Congregational minister, and he knows what he is talking about. In his latest book he writes:

> Andy says churches mostly cost too much; have to do so much talking about money there's no time left to talk about religion.

Will one of the results of the war, we wonder, be to release us from the tyranny of huge buildings? And will it also help to convince the church that restriction of the ministry to one type is crass folly? Even the Churches which boast on their platforms and in their hymns of their freedom to follow the guidance of the Holy Spirit refuse to let the Spirit call to the ministry anybody but young people in their late 'teens with little experience of life. Why don't we insist that M.P.s undergo a course of training in their 'teens, and then be M.P.s for the rest of their lives? It would be just as sensible. Perhaps this is one expression of the Church's conventionality and cowardice to which Dr. J. G. Southworth recently referred in damning words in the book just mentioned:

> The young poets—and they typify the problem of many people today—find in the church no expression of the Christian ethic which is spurring them to an enlarged social consciousness. The clergy are neither providing this rational faith, nor are they in their own lives setting an example that a person who looks upon religion as a truly spiritual thing is able or willing to follow. Because it would conserve all that it has gained, the church has not matured spiritually as rapidly as those who have unselfishly been willing to face danger. As a result the teachings of Christ are more heeded by the non-church-goers than by the goers. Thinking persons cannot follow the leadership of those who from fanaticism or for their belly's sake have crept into the fold. When they speak of the Christ-like ideal it is in a voice of hollow brass and tinkling cymbal.

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THE realism of these days should surely shake from the Churches some of the unreality attached to their discussions. Take, for example, the Congregational contention that the local church has the right to appoint any of its members to administer the Sacraments, a point now at issue in South India and certain to be at issue here. We are, of course, in favour of the contention, which embodies a vital principle, but why do not the churches show by their practice that they consider the principle vital? If churches are challenged, "But is it your common practice to have the administration of the Lord's Supper by laymen?" what answer can they give? At least once a year every Congregational church should appoint one of its lay members to preside at the Holy Communion. Only so can younger members be shown the principle involved, only so can members of other Communions realize that we are in earnest in our protestations.

Or take the subject of interchange of pulpits. Why are we so insistent on this matter *vis-à-vis* the Anglican Church when there is no real interchange of pulpits in the Free Churches? A local Free Church Council arranges an interchange on one Sunday a year, and often that is the only time the ministers occupy each others' pulpits. How often do ministers of the non-Methodist Churches preach in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, or Methodist ministers in the leading Baptist, Presbyterian, or Congregational churches in London? Congregationalism may claim that it opens its chief pulpits—the City Temple and Westminster Chapel—to non-Congregationalists, but they are "peculiars", to use the old term; in the rest of their churches they see preachers from other denominations very rarely. Why, if we believe that "interchange of pulpits" is so important?

Since the above words were written we have received a copy of Dr. H. C. Lefever's *Lay Celebration of the Lord's Supper: A Congregationalist Point of View,* prepared in South India for the consideration of the Sub-Committee on Lay Celebration appointed by Joint Committee on Union. We commend this pamphlet, which provides a historical survey and examines opinions of many modern Congregationalists. We confess we are not surprised to learn that the Joint Committee rejected the proposal of the South India United Church for granting licences to laymen to conduct the celebration of the Lord's Supper—with many restrictions and safeguards. Invariably the convictions of Anglicans prevent concessions, but for the sake of union Congregationalists are invariably expected to accommodate themselves to this fact whatever their own convictions may be. There seem to us two tendencies in regard to this question of lay celebration:

1. There is a danger lest it be assumed that all Congregationalists desire is that laymen be allowed to celebrate only

in emergencies and when no ordained person is present. This is why we urge that at least once a year every church appoint one of its lay members to preside at the Communion Service.

2. There is a danger that the question be decided as if the principle of the priesthood of all believers were the only principle involved. So far from that being the case the whole Congregational conception of the Church is at stake. If, as we hold, the local Church is *the* Church, the one Church, in a particular place—Forsyth's outcrop—if where that Church is Christ is in the midst to lead and guide, who shall say that the Church has not the right to appoint any of its members to perform any ecclesiastical function?

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ALTHOUGH in its endeavour to be all things to all men the Rev. J. O. Dobson's *Worship* (S.C.M., 5s.) will satisfy nobody, it is nevertheless a useful piece of work. In a mere 180 pages it makes an audacious attempt to supply a history of worship, to outline the different attitudes to and methods of worship, to discuss the place of the sermon, praise, and free and liturgical prayer, and, as if that were not enough, to glance at the future of worship. Mr. Dobson tries to be fair all round, but we notice that while he regards the Sacrament of Holy Communion as "a vehicle of the Word", quoting Luther's words, "the Eucharist was a special presentation or utterance of the Word, a proclamation of God's saving love under the species of bread and wine", he nevertheless falls into the habit of referring to it as "the most significant act of Christian worship". A vehicle should not be more significant than the burden it carries, and it is because the Word is primary that sacraments are secondary.

In general we believe that the vexed question of Church Union will only be resolved when there is realization all round that different temperaments respond to the Gospel in different ways, and in worship have different needs. This is not merely a question of a few Quakers, as sometimes impatient unionists suggest, though we are glad to see William Penn's words quoted:

> This World is a Form; our Bodies are Forms; and no visible Acts of Devotion can be without Forms. But yet the less Form in religion the better, since God is a Spirit. For the more mental our Worship, the more adequate to the Nature of God; the more silent the more suitable to the Language of a Spirit.

Mr. Dobson says that there is "a naturalness, a certain inevitability, about sacramental acts"; but in all the Churches there are men and women who find material things obstacles which block the vision of a far-stretching land and choke the channel through which God's grace flows. Miss Underhill rightly urges that no rationale

of the Communion is adequate which neglects the views of those who regard it

> as primarily a theocentric act of sacrificial worship, a Christocentric act of communion, a historical memorial, a source of spiritual energy, or a sacrament of fellowship.

But place must be found in the Church for those who find their communion, in all these aspects, without the use of outward symbols. If only all Christ's people would realize there are many ways to the Heavenly City, and gates on every side, the union of the Churches need not be long delayed.

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In a document dated 1660, now printed in *The Swarthmore Documents in America*, George Fox sent out this challenge (we modernize the spelling throughout):

> Come Papists, Protestants, Presbyters, and Baptists, with all the several religions in the world, stand forth, and bring your religion to this and compare them; see if they will hold weight and proportion herewith.

Here is "The Quakers' Religion" for comparison:

> True religion is the true rule and right way of serving God, and religion is a pure stream original of righteousness flowing from the image of God, and is the life and power of God planted in the heart and mind by the law of life in the heart, which bringeth the soul, spirit and body to be conformable to God the Father of spirits, and to Christ, so that they come and have fellowship with the Father and the Son and all his holy angels and saints, and this religion is pure from above, undefiled before God, and is to visit the fatherless and widows and strangers, and keeps itself from the spots of the world, and so this religion is above all the defiled, spotted religion in the world that keep not themselves from defilement and spots, but are impure, and below, and spotted, whose fatherless and widows and strangers do beg up and down their streets.

But would any "Papists, Protestants, Presbyters, and Baptists" now, or even then, refuse to accept this definition of religion?

* * *

In the vocabulary of theologians only one word is more at a discount than "liberalism", and it is "humanism". Once people were proud to call themselves "humanists"; now there is none so poor to do the word reverence. Humanism—it stands for *hubris*, insolence, contempt of God, and it has brought the world into chaos and war. What nonsense it all is! There is a count against humanism, and it is well stated by our contributor, Mr. Guntrip. But in aversion from the horrors of war, and in driving deep the gulf between sinful man and a holy God, strange and disturbing things are being done and said.

The awfulness of sin is emphasized to such an extent that it is impossible to remember that man is "made in the image of God", or that *Ps.* 8 was ever written. The helplessness of man is so described that reason is despised; faith almost ceases to be a rational faith, and what thinking has to be done must almost be *à la Lawrence*. This is a perversion of Christianity, and simply will not do. The Christian preacher will not minimize the sinfulness of sin, but he will lift his voice on high and cry, "I believe in man! How great a thing is man! I believe in him because he is the child of God. I believe in him because Jesus, who knew what was in man, believed in him: for man He died, to men He entrusted the building of His Church, He called men to be perfect even as His Father was perfect".

Man can make war, but he can co-operate with God and make a garden; he can blast cities to bits, but he can build better ones, where little children will have the opportunity of a full and free life; he can be base and cruel, but he is capable of endurance and sacrifice; he is a sinner, but by God's grace he can become a saint. That is Christian humanism, rooted in the life and teaching of Jesus, and it must not be obscured by the smoke of burning churches or the gloomy outpourings of dyspeptic theologians who are not getting enough exercise.

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We wonder if any of our readers know two German works—*Der Katholizismus, Sein Stirb und Werde* (1937) and *Der Katholizismus der Zukunft* (1940). Edited by a Protestant minister, Hermann Mulert, they are, we think we are right in saying, written by Roman Catholics, and the first is already on the Index. We have not seen the volumes, but only references to them, from which it appears that *The Catholicism of the Future* maintains that the Church has been separated from the Gospel by an excessive preponderance of intellectualism in dogma, an excessive legalism in practice, and an unbalanced sacramentalism in devotion. The writers offer proposals for reform which are markedly anti-clerical: they include a greater freedom for scholarship, a reform of the Index, a greater emphasis on the Bible in clerical education, a greater regard for the mind of the laity, an age-limit for bishops and priests, and a relaxation of clerical celibacy. If any reader of our pages has been fortunate enough to secure copies of these books, we should be glad to hear from him with a view to an account of them for our Foreign Reviews.

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Turning over Matthew Arnold's poems the other day, it occurred to us that while we had often heard or read in sermons references to the preacher in Bethnal Green who had been "much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread*", we had never heard or

seen one to the "Independent Preacher who preached that we should be 'in harmony with Nature' ". Can this be because, while the East London preacher, whom we proudly identify as an Independent, is praised for making "the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home", the other is denounced as a "restless fool"? The mind plays some queer tricks, and often pushes down into the subconscious things it does not relish. Recently we heard an intelligent man discussing crosswords. He denounced them as a waste of time, and as merely verbal jig-saws that required no real knowledge. Years ago he used to try *The Times* crossword every day; rarely, if ever, did he succeed in completing it and he was often made aware of the extent of his own ignorance. He therefore ceased to attempt them, and now with an air of lofty superiority he disposes of crosswords as the foolish pastime of nimble minds. Is there something corresponding to this in every one of us—and in the way preachers handle Matthew Arnold's poems?

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Among prophecies that have gone astray is this one of Priestley's—not Mr. J. B., but the discoverer of oxygen and one of the greatest Englishmen of the 18th century:

> Knowledge will be subdivided and extended; and knowledge, as Lord Bacon observes, being power, the human power will, in fact, be enlarged; nature, including both its materials and its laws, will be more at our command; men will make their situation in the world abundantly more easy and comfortable; they will probably prolong their existence in it, and will grow daily more happy each in himself, and more able (and, I believe, more disposed) to communicate happiness to others. Thus, whatever was the beginning of the world, the end will be glorious and paradisiacal, beyond what our imaginations can now conceive. Extravagant as some suppose these views to be, I think I could show them to be fairly suggested by the true theory of human nature, and to arise from the natural course of human affairs.

And this is from the 18th century, the century of enlightenment, and not from the 19th, with its belief in automatic progress.

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Congratulations to the Rev. J. C. Waters, a chaplain in the Royal Navy, who has found "over and over again that the dull, unresponsive boy was the boy who had not been baptized", and after a time "found it possible to pick out, almost at a glance, the confirmed from the unconfirmed, with a very small percentage of error". He has therefore been greatly impressed by "the noticeable effect of the Church's Sacraments". We should think so indeed! But why is it that in the statistics of juvenile delinquency such as those printed, *e.g.*, in Dr. Mannheim's book on *Crime in England between the Wars*, the large majority of delinquents are

"Church of England"? Mr. Waters cannot have it both ways. It is absurd, of course, to think of denominations in regard to prisoners, youth and adult, but surely not so absurd as for a chaplain to claim that there is a relation between dullness and baptism, or that he can recognize a confirmed boy at a glance. If the reference had been to a boy from a truly Christian home it might have been allowed to pass. But perhaps Mr. Waters believes that all children presented for confirmation come from such homes. He must have been at sea a long time.

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THE *Congregational Quarterly* had a bad year last year. We were not unique in that, for increased costs and all the dislocation caused by war conditions hit all periodicals. We cannot afford, however, a succession of years like 1940, and therefore we must appeal for help to our readers. Costs have been cut to the bone, and every economy made, but these are not enough. New subscribers are needed: 500 of them would save the situation, and ease our minds. Note that we do not say new "readers"; them, of course, we welcome, but if everybody paid for the *Congregational Quarterly* who reads it there would be no cause for disquiet. It is not easy in these days to persuade people to take on new commitments, even of ten shillings a year, but if the readers of the journal, ministerial and lay, are determined it shall be maintained without becoming a liability to the publishers, 500 new subscribers are essential. We are not crying "Wolf!", but we have to look ahead, and if costs continue to increase and circulation does not expand there will in time be danger of our becoming a war casualty.

In our next issue we hope to print an article of reminiscences from the veteran missionary, Dr. Lavington Hart, and an article on "Music in the Free Churches" by Mr. W. H. Rowe, A.R.C.O. There will also be an examination of new movements in the field of religious education, including "the Family Church".

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FOR the crossword within we are indebted to the Rev. W. J. Leslie Paxton, of Salford. The solution will appear in our next issue.

7 March.

THE COLLAPSE OF HUMANISM—AND WHAT NEXT?

By the Rev. H. J. S. Guntrip, B.A., B.D.

When anyone is ill, we can consider their condition at three different levels. There are the superficial symptoms, say an ugly rash on the skin. Deeper than that are the causal germs in the blood. Deepest of all is the constitution and general health, for if that had been sound the infection would perhaps never have got a hold, or would have been easily thrown off. European civilization today is desperately ill. There is the rash upon its skin, the outer and visible symptoms of war. Deeper than that there are the germs in the blood, national pride and hate, economic discontent, perverted theories of race and government. Deepest of all is the spiritual constitution of the body politic of Europe, which clearly has been so run down and out of health that it has had no power to resist and throw off the deadly infections that have assailed it. It is this last problem that concerns us as Christians, and compels us to face not only the military and political, but also the spiritual issues of the war.

What is the fundamental conflict of truth and error behind our present tragic situation? Some practical people profess to believe that ideas are not important, that it does not matter what you believe so long as you are a useful citizen, that questions of faith and spiritual conviction are abstractions. In fact, like a maggot at the root of a plant, a false faith at the root of a civilization causes its whole life to degenerate. To handle anything successfully one must understand it. That is true of machinery, of medicine, of finance, and most of all of human life itself. Yet it is just in this matter of the fundamental understanding of human life that there has been widespread drift and resultant confusion in modern Europe.

For a long time two rival faiths have fought for the soul of Europe, Christianity and what is broadly termed Humanism. The Christian view of life was the basis on which European civilization was being built for 1,500 years. By the time the Roman Empire had collapsed, it had taken sufficient hold to guide Europe through the barbarian invasions, out of the Dark Ages into the slow re-birth of civilization and culture in the medieval period, and bring it to the threshold of the modern world. Since the faith and the Church had to labour in dark and barbarous days it was too much to expect that they should themselves emerge unscathed by the evils

and superstitions above which Europe had to rise. It is surely a remarkable testimony to the power and vitality of Christianity that, amidst the catastrophic collapse of an older civilization, it survived to become the chief spiritual agency in the building up of a new one. All through what Dean Inge calls "the longest and dreariest setback that humanity has ever experienced within the historical period—a veritable glacial age of the spirit" Christianity did its work so well that, until the rise of Nazism in our lifetime, even its modern opponents revolted only from its theology and kept its ethical and practical ideals. Nevertheless after 1,500 years it had itself lost its clarity and purity and stood in need of cleansing.

It is now possible to see that the new movements of thought that arose with the Renaissance and modern science, instead of restoring Europe to a truer and more wholesome Christianity, in fact switched it over on to a radically different faith, Humanism. It has become simply inaccurate to speak of Christian Europe. Christianity has lived on inside Europe, which has struggled in vain to retain a number of Christian ideals and values; but the peoples of Europe at large have increasingly ceased to hold the Christian view of life. Thus continental Socialism has been bitterly anti-religious, France has been noted for its atheism, in Germany and in this country there was a steady drift of the masses from the Churches, and now at last active persecution of Christianity has arrived. The last half-century has seen the Christian faith more and more replaced by political religions, and over a longer period the creeds and opinions that rivalled Christianity have all been, broadly speaking, Humanistic faiths, doctrines of man's faith in himself. With overweening self-confidence man has plunged forward into disillusionment.

With the rise of science and man's pride in the advancement of knowledge and power he was producing, Humanism was natural. Religion began to look like a survival from the simplicity of man's pre-scientific childhood. A century ago Voltaire made fun of the Church, and was sure that in a hundred years science would have found a way out of all our troubles, and while machinery worked for us we should have leisure to cultivate our lives. If Voltaire could come back today he might see some flaw in his argument, but he represented the widespread humanism of man's faith in himself. When asked about God modern Europe, like Laplace, the French astronomer, has replied, "I have no need of that hypothesis". Instead man has worshipped himself and his own magnificent achievements. This was a complete change from the faith of the previous 1,500 years. Two formulations of this humanistic faith may be put side by side. Over a hundred years ago, Auguste Comte spoke of Humanity as the Great Being, the only worthy object of worship, as it struggled upwards to the highest

ends. Recently Mr. Clarence Streit, in *Union Now,* the bible of the Federal Unionists, says,

> Man has on earth no one but man to help him; and what a mighty, what a generous, what a kindly and abiding and dependable friend and liberator is man to man.

It seems odd that a very large part of this kindly and generous and friendly and liberating Humanity is engaged at this moment in doing its best to make Mr. Streit's wonderful Union impossible for centuries. "Man's inhumanity to man" makes this optimistic humanism seem pale and unreal. But there is little doubt that the majority of us have with Mr. Streit been in a conspiracy of wishful thinking to ignore this dark side of human nature. Idealistic Humanism has been the flourishing creed of the growing majority for at least a century. We have believed mainly in ourselves and our ability to produce a good world.

The doctrine of evolution came as a godsend to the humanists. They soon gave it some quite unscientific extensions, in application to human life. Mankind is steadily advancing in scientific knowledge, in capacity to organize, in power to produce goods and control natural resources. Evolution was translated into the idea of progress, and the goal of progress was to be an earthly paradise. It is this belief in progress that has been the main form taken by Humanism in our lifetime. The age of leisure and plenty, the perfect social order of peace and prosperity, was just round the corner. Practically everyone has believed that education and steady social reform, or revolution, would take us to our goal. The Marxian faith in the coming age of Communism which will crown and complete history, the Social Creditor's earthly heaven offering free money to all but saying little of our duty to make a return for it, are but extremer expressions of the humanistic faith in the progress of humanity. The religion of the last 100 years has been man's faith in his ability to save himself.

The last war was a nasty knock for this evolutionary optimism, but faith in progress survived, and the war was brushed aside by a great wave of what seems now to have been pathetically unrealistic idealism. We had fought the war to end war, we were to have a land fit for heroes, and a League of Nations for International Brotherhood. We can remember the thrills and enthusiasms of the Kellogg Peace Pact era. Here was progress with a vengeance. This faith had long been invading and modernizing Christianity. Sin was out of date, and with it repentance, forgiveness, and salvation by the grace of God. Human nature was fundamentally good, and it was only necessary to preach an ethical and social gospel, and exhort men to accept the spirit of Jesus. The Kingdom of God was on earth, a classless and non-competitive society rather than a spiritual fellowship. Immortality might be true but did not matter.

But while Christians were trying to make the best of both worlds, more and more people unconsciously sensed that Humanism made religion unnecessary. While many able men still hold some form of the Christian faith, the majority of educated professional and business men have drifted right away from any definite Christian belief, so that they not only do not hold it, but do not now know what it is. Some of the younger ones have gone in for one of the extremer humanistic political or economic gospels. The majority have been content with the vague idea that somehow things were progressing, human nature was getting more civilized, and that by being decent citizens and professing the ideal of service in one's work and public interests, they were doing their bit to help humanity along to its destined goal.

What are we to think of this interpretation of life? We must not be blind to the good that is in it. The practical reforms, the social and political ideals, the scientist's tireless pursuit of accurate knowledge, that are part of this humanistic movement, are for the most part necessary, right and good. Progress of a kind is also no doubt a fact. Mankind does advance in knowledge and power, though so often he does the wrong thing with them. In certain periods advances are made towards a more humane and civilized way of life, though the advances may be lost by later generations. Nor can we hastily dispense with the key idea of progress in a deeper sense, for a theistic universe cannot be stagnant, retrogressive, or an aimless succession of cycles. We must admit that in practice the finest humanists have often been more Christlike than many believers, and have given greatly in service to their fellowmen. We must not set the best and the second-best in acute opposition, or we shall grow blind to many good things. Humanism is not a total falsehood, but a half-truth mixed with error, a necessary phase in the development of our understanding of life, but now to be cleansed and taken up into the more complete truth. Perhaps its greatest mistake is that it has shut us up in a fool's paradise of evolutionary optimism about human nature. There is in fact no evidence at all that human nature in itself makes any progress, in the sense of the successive generations of men becoming inherently more kindly, generous and virtuous. The truth rather is that with our divided nature and inner conflicts we do not sustain our idealism in practice. As St. Paul neatly put it, "When I would do good, evil is present with me". That is what Humanism has overlooked; but is just what Christianity was designed to face and deal with. The historical events of our lifetime, not merely this war, but the war as the crowning event of the last thirty years of history, have surely dealt the final blow to this popular humanistic faith in inevitable progress and the perfectibility of man, and shown it up as a shallow optimism out of touch with facts.

Because of it we have not understood what was happening in the world, and have been caught unprepared by the stark realities of life today. This sense of dazed surprise that Europe should actually have plunged into war again, or produced the horrors of totalitarianism, has been a constant theme in folks' minds: "I never thought this could happen again". It is apparent in that excellent booklet, No. 2 in the "Round Table War Pamphlet" series, entitled *The Issue*. The author writes:

> It is a paradox that the present age should have produced the purblind egotism of Nazism. For the world is trembling on the edge of one of the great transformations of history, to which the evolution of time has brought it. Applied science offers to men who will adjust themselves to the new order limitless material and even spiritual advance. There have been great chances before in history, which have been lost because men have not been big enough to take them, but never a chance like this.

That passage contains all the important mistakes and false assumptions of the last hundred years. There is the failure to understand why, when such opportunities existed, things have gone so badly wrong. There is the naïve faith in Applied Science to open the way not only to limitless material but also to spiritual advancement. There is the evident failure to grasp what lies behind the reference to chances lost "because men were not big enough", and to the new chance open "to men who will adjust themselves". Why are men not big enough? Why will they not adjust themselves? There lies the core of humanity's problem, and the cause for the repeated breakdown of its utopian dreams into war and chaos. That whole pathetic passage, with its earnest hope that it may still be possible to have faith in man, uncovers the nakedness and helplessness of humanistic ideas of progress. The author should have known better, for elsewhere he says that our ideals have to

> fight all the time against the intractable nature of man, with his brutality, pride, ambition, acquisitiveness, his instinct to assert himself and have his own way.

We are back at St. Paul: "When I would do good, evil is present with me".

But we have lived in a world of false assumptions; history is now smashing our ideological illusions, and I believe driving us back to the essentially Christian interpretation of life. Christianity is the only serious alternative to the collapsing humanism that has been Europe's faith for over a century. It is the only view that fits the facts, and enables us to understand ourselves, our neighbours, and our world. This does not mean that we must go back to every detail and dot and comma of the traditional creeds, or be tied to

ecclesiastical practices that no longer express the spiritual aspirations of our age. Science and modern knowledge have left their mark, purging out the unessential and stripping off crude and superstitious elements. Christian beliefs have been forced through the sieve of scientific testing, and it is possible to see the indestructible heart of faith that remains. This can perhaps best be set out point by point, in contrast to its humanistic opposite.

(1) Humanism has a naïve faith in human nature getting progressively better and better. It believes in the steady moral and spiritual progress of the race. Christianity is quite realistic about human nature. It recognizes that there is in it a hard heart of egotism that does not change from generation to generation. St. Paul called it "the natural man, which is not subject to the law of God", and the "law of the members warring against the law of the mind". There is no sentimental wishful thinking about man in the Christian faith. It sees clearly, underneath his moral and spiritual capacities and aspirations, the hard core of primitive and quite unspiritual instinct and impulse, the rock on which our human idealisms always shipwreck.

(2) Humanism believes that agencies like science and education, social reform and man's idealism generally, will take us along the road of progress to the millennium. Christianity sees that part of man's nature remains hard and selfish underneath all his reforms and education and idealism, and that therefore he will never create a perfect and stable world. Always the conquest of old evil brings the emergence of new ones, and every generation has to fight all over again the old battle of right against wrong, of ideal versus instinct. Man's egotistical heart repeatedly betrays him into sin, into conscious wrong choices, and he is spiritually powerless until he has the insight and honesty and courage to admit this and repent of it. No amount of education alters this fact, which repeatedly undoes such progress as is made.

(3) Humanism pictures the final goal of progress and endeavour as a perfect social order in this world. Christianity sees that this is an illusion, a wild-goose chase. While particular evils can and must be overcome by each generation, there is no likelihood or possibility of finality. If there were it would mean that all generations except some hypothetical last generation were condemned to be mere means to some future end, which would itself perish in turn, leaving the long struggle of man futile and meaningless. It is here and now, in the stern reality of the moral and spiritual conflict of the present, that we must seek the meaning of our life. We cannot fight the battles of future generations, or guarantee that there will ever be a future in which there will be no more battles to be fought. Is there then no final consummation of all hopes for

the Christian? Yes, but not in the illusion of a perfect earthly paradise. For Christianity, human life is to be understood by reference to a universal creative spiritual life and purpose, which we sum up in that mysterious but indispensable word "God". Man's earthly life is then a probation, and the fulfilment of his hopes can only be in a life eternal. Those who reject this faith should recognize that since an earthly paradise is an illusion, their hopes have no fulfilment at all. It takes the eternal world to give this one an intelligible and important meaning. Without God and immortality man's life on earth is a tragic episode in futility.

(4) The watchword of Humanism has been a rather unintelligent idea of freedom, which lost sight of human nature's practical need of discipline. The results have been worked out in the liberal democracies of our time. Having fought for and won a large measure of freedom, we have been discovering, as Walter Lippmann says, that "a man's worst difficulties begin when he can do as he likes". Democracy can so easily peter out into a multitude of warring factions that are powerless to do anything. Germany and Italy found democratic freedom too much for them, and fled into the arms of Dictators. France under democratic government has lost or failed to achieve the unity that means strength. Britain with a longer political experience of democracy has managed better, though that is also due in no small measure to the fact that our democracy has been more consistently informed by Christian aims, and led by Christian men of all Parties. Yet here too the rot had set in. After the last war our liberty was turned to licence in all the personal aspects of life. All religious and moral convictions were impatiently flung aside as baseless restrictions, and young people with little in them to express went in recklessly for self-expression. Some of the criticisms made by Fascists and Nazis have been all too true. Our democracies have tended to be masses of selfish, easy-going, and complacent people, stressing their rights to pleasure, scornful of plain living and high thinking, avoiding responsibility except when they fought for their own private interests, and throwing up leaders who were timid and indecisive and often loved political power more than their country. General Smuts, in a recent speech, voiced our need when he said that "discipline must go hand in hand with freedom", and Mr. Middleton Murry has told us that democracy is only workable on the basis of Christianity.

Fascism and Nazism, seeing in the democracies the lack of that strength that discipline gives, have rushed to the wrong solution. They have fallen back on the cast-iron, external, and primitive discipline of brute force, which crushes the personality out of man. Christianity insists on the discipline of the flesh by the spirit, a discipline that works from within by free acceptance. It comes

from the discipline of the spirit of man by the Spirit of God. Man is not a proud and clever little being who needs "no one on earth to help him but himself". He is a creature of strangely divided nature, with egotistical instincts locked in constant warfare with spiritual insights and aspirations. Not by any convenient inherent and inevitable tendency to progress will he be saved; by trusting to his own nature and intellect he is repeatedly lost. The warfare that is within us must be accepted as the fundamental condition of our growth in grace, and of the achievement of a goodness that is moral and spiritual, only because it is not automatic and natural. In this warfare of the flesh and the spirit there will be no victory of the spirit unless and until we acknowledge and accept a higher law than that of our own will, a Divine Will, disclosed for Christians, not solely but fully, in Christ. There must be obedience. Man's arrogant and proud heart must be reined in. In so far as that is not done by a religious faith, it has to be done, and will always have to be done, by some form of force. It is done by the policeman and the law inside the State. Until it can be done in the international field by a World Law backed by a World Police it will have to be done by the concentration of superior force in the hands of relatively non-aggressive nations. But that is an unstable solution that will lead to repeated breakdowns. The only ultimate control of the aggressive human heart lies in a religious faith that makes man bow to God. To that, as the necessary spiritual basis for the re-building of European civilization, history is forcing us back. It can only come as a revival of clear strong personal religion, the recovery of the Christian faith by the masses of the people of Europe. How to bring this about is the challenge of this hour.

JOHN STEINBECK.

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Since John Steinbeck wrote *Grapes of Wrath* and *In Dubious Battle,* his work has been a violent centre of dispute in sociological magazines. The remarkable financial success of three of his books, *Tortilla Flat, Of Mice and Men,* and *Grapes of Wrath,* has filled publishers' weeklies with joyful columns. *Tortilla Flat,* two years after its publication, was recognized as more than a best-seller, as a classical best-seller, and was included in "Modern Library". *Grapes of Wrath* received the Pulitzer prize for the outstanding American novel of 1939. Commentators of news-weeklies have been surprised first by the abruptness of Steinbeck's rise to fame, then by his sustained public success. Three best sellers in succession seem to indicate that he has come to stay, that there is no accident concerned with his work, that he is clearly master of his art.

In spite of all this, few literary estimates of Steinbeck have been written, although his work is of great importance to American letters: the sociological character of his subjects seems prone to push its literary significance out of sight. The turbulent fight over social conditions depicted in *Grapes of Wrath* obscures the brilliance of some of his short stories and of *Tortilla Flat,* which contain no economic doctrines.

And as a personality, too, Steinbeck is unknown. This last is due partly to the lack of exhibitionism in his personality; he is almost a recluse. The short time he has had to wait for success (he published his first book in 1929, and was widely known by 1935) may account for his withdrawal from the public gaze; he has never needed to court publicity for his books. Nor has he had years in which to grow sensitive over neglect: he has acquired no hunger for attention. Moreover he is a sincere and earnest writer who asks for nothing better than the quiet necessary for continued work.

Nothing could be more American than Steinbeck's life, interests, and the quality of his success. That is why he is so important in the development of American literature. The greatest of American writers have always drawn inspiration mostly from England or the continent: some have even expatriated themselves: Henry James, and now T. S. Eliot, are English as much as American. Edith Wharton used subject-matter suggested by Henry James's, and a technique reminiscent of nineteenth century French novels; she was a cosmopolitan culturally and in the focus

of her attention. These writers are not less important for the spread of their interest: but they have failed to establish a tradition, essentially American, capable of fostering a literature which expresses America in the same way that English literature expresses England. If Steinbeck reaches the high place Henry James and Edith Wharton have established for themselves in letters, and yet remains American in spirit and form, he may well be revolutionary.

John Steinbeck was born in Salinas, California, on 27 Feb., 1902. His mother had taught school and his father was at one time county treasurer. Like most western American children he attended the State schools. In a town as small as Salinas there were few children of professional people, and young Steinbeck's associates were a good cross-section of Americans in general, the children of farmers, cattle-men, small business men, and of the itinerants who later enter so much into his books. Because of the truck-farming, particularly lettuce-growing, which is one of the big industries around Salinas, there was, and still is, an unusually large number of Mexicans, Orientals, or the *paisons* whose blood may be a bit of almost anything, but who think of themselves as essentially Mexican and Indian. In spite of the simplicity of the people who live and work at Salinas, the town has never been poverty-stricken or arid like many Middle-West towns. The ocean lies a few miles west, the surrounding land is rich, the little town is relatively wealthy, with good schools and an air of soundness and stability. Only the natural habits of the Mexican population and the unpleasant condition of the itinerant workers who drift through at picking time introduce the problems of ignorance, filth, hunger, and failure. The "Okies", the Joad family of *Grapes of Wrath*, live in conditions never totally unknown to Steinbeck. California, in spite of its richness and wealth, has always had some families like the Joads; but it was when the Joads came in droves, and Steinbeck wrote a book about them, that it became no longer possible for people to close their eyes to the existence of this "lower subsistence level".

As a boy Steinbeck worked on farms, with cattle, and did rough labour of various sorts. Only once did he attempt a life at all "aristocratic": he decided upon a University course and chose Leland Stanford Junior University, the *Alma Mater* of former President Herbert Hoover, a University which, while founded lavishly for the free education of Californian children, has grown rapidly into an exclusive private college, with a tuition that favours children of more privileged financial classes. Nevertheless Steinbeck chose this college, and attended it, working intermittently.

In the middle twenties he went to New York City, becoming a newspaper man. When that job failed, he took once again to any

work that he could get, and for a short time was a hod-carrier during the construction of the new Madison Square Gardens. At other times he was a chemist, painter's apprentice, day labourer. These experiences left him with something far more important than sympathy toward the lower classes; they left him with an abiding faith in the courage and importance of human life on any level, even the lowest, and with an earnest wish to identify himself with the common man and to participate in his struggles: correspondingly he developed an abiding contempt for the superficial social superiority of the professional and middle-class Americans. This sense of class differences has sharpened with widespread social upheaval in the world. *Tortilla Flat* revealed Steinbeck's sympathy with the lower classes, but *In Dubious Battle* stamped him definitely as a writer involved in the political and economic problems of the poor.

John Steinbeck's first book was a novel, *Cup of Gold,* published in 1929. This story of an Elizabethan pirate, Sir Henry Morgan, is stilted, and it never attained any particular success. In 1932 he published another novel, *To A God Unknown,* which is also marred by artificiality and a false and romantic symbolism; a second book the same year, a group of short stories gathered under the title *Pastures of Heaven,* included stories of undoubted charm and some power, was written with greater fluency, and revealed his peculiar ability to draw characters in a few sharp lines and to use dialogue with remarkable economy and effectiveness. The stories are loosely knit together by the valley itself and by the reappearance of personages. Steinbeck's combination of intense sympathy, clear analysis, acrid sombreness, and occasional whimsical humour, mark the book with distinction. The stories, as might well be expected, are of unequal value. The deformed and pathetic Tularecato, and Steinbeck's especial tenderness in writing of him, make one think a little of the lovable, stupid giant Pirate in *Tortilla Flat,* and still more of Lennie in *Of Mice and Men.* The story of the mother and the insane child is at once frightful and impressive. The fat Maria and Rosa arouse both amusement and sympathy and are certainly essentially human and kindly. Impractical, gentle, literature-loving Junius and his amazing son Robbie are especially whimsical and graceful characters. Steinbeck is at his best when writing of people who through simplicity of heart attain something of the kingdom of heaven. Nor does he ever fail to be convincing, even against reason. If he is guilty of sentimentality, of false values, he is subtly guilty, erring only as an exceptionally fine artist could err. One of the most unaccountable inconsistencies in Steinbeck, and one exceptionally pleasing, is the swift change back and forth from graceful tenderness and delicate charm to a deep and morbid bitterness. Certainly the lighter

moods are pleasanter, but the dark ones never fail to shock and challenge.

Tortilla Flat grew quite naturally from a genius which was already evident in the short stories. This book, which immediately became a best-seller, was published first in 1935. A story of Danny, a Mexican, a *paison,* of Monterey, and his "round table", it is a joyous tale of rogues, shocking yet lovable, who turn moral and material values topsy-turvy and are at the most divine when most startlingly "unsòcial". For sheer exuberance the book can scarcely be equalled, and to many people it is far and away Steinbeck's greatest achievement, a book which is inimitable not only for others but even for himself. The stories are as memorable as some of the Arthurian tales, to which they are skilfully and delightfully compared. Not easily can one forget Danny, or that arch rogue Pilon, whose name means a boot thrown into a bargain for good measure, or Pablo, or the good man Jesus Maria Corcoran, who is initiated into Danny's house because of his gallon of wine (on which he is gloriously drunk), or the "innocent" Pirate, who with his five dogs collects a wheelbarrow of wood each day, sells it for twenty-five cents, begs his food, sleeps in a chicken-house, and buries the silver "quarters" until the day comes that with over a thousand he can buy a candle for the good St. Francis d'Assisi who also loved animals and will protect his. Nor will one forget the Corporal and his baby, Sweets Ramiriz and the vacuum cleaner, poor Morelli, who would be despised were he not so heartlessly tricked, Danny's affair with Mrs. Morales, Teresina and her nine fatherless children, who could only thrive on beans strewn upon the floor, nor last of all the miraculous, terrible, funny, and somehow not unawesome death of Danny, whose name becomes legend. The style of *Tortilla Flat* is exquisite: written with the economy which is characteristic of Steinbeck, it still manages to be pure rhapsody at moments, and shifts from satire to tenderness, from awe to animality, from sorrow to humour, with a swiftness that is like iridescence.

Tortilla Flat gave Steinbeck national fame and the financial security necessary for uninterrupted work. *In Dubious Battle,* the novel published in 1936, has received an uncertain welcome. The book failed in popular appeal, but has in general been praised by critics. The literary ability with which the story is written is undoubted; though Steinbeck's sympathies are with the Communist strikers whom he describes, he approaches his subject quite realistically, almost photographically, and makes no effort to hide or mitigate the cruelty and primitive savagery and ignorance which often flare up among the strikers in response to the injustice or indifference or selfishness of the farmers and townspeople. But the characters fail to endear themselves; in spite of courage and

earnestness they leave the impression of being ignorant, mistaken, repulsive. Perhaps the most serious detraction from the book is that its aim, however honest, seems to be propaganda; but it is a sincere picture of one side of a social struggle, a realistic story of one contemporary phase of the activities of men, a history of characters who lack dimension and balance, either because only one aspect of them is told or because they have sacrificed all ordinary feeling to a crusade, a crusade not of the spirit but of resentment and desire.

Steinbeck's sixth book, *Of Mice and Men,* his second best-seller, has been produced as a successful stage play and a successful movie. A very short novel, it is different from Steinbeck's other works in the use of a structure so distinct as to be almost a fault. Actually the book is a novelette, a long short-story, leaving a single, sharp impression. The story is of the love of two itinerant labourers, shrewd George and half-witted Lennie, for one another; it tells of their dream of a farm of their own, and of the tragedy which overtakes Lennie. The theme is unusual but it is also artificial; it is the most intrinsically morbid of Steinbeck's subjects, morbid particularly because of the sympathy which is sentimentally misplaced. Steinbeck generally lifts his themes above sordidness by the vividness with which he portrays the struggle of human life, by the impression he gives of a deep and abiding faith in the importance of existence, no matter where he finds it or in what condition. *Of Mice and Men,* in spite of the instant sharp impression of spiritual greatness given through George's love, is essentially, in retrospect, vulgar. The emotional value is not sound. Yet it also is a failure which many writers would be proud to write.

In 1938 Steinbeck published a second volume of short stories, under the title *The Long Valley,* which is finer than *Pastures of Heaven* and shows increased power and certainty. The volume again is uneven, but so good are some selections that they should give Steinbeck top rank as a short-story writer. These stories are rarely pleasant: the element of horror is much more marked than kindliness or humour. A few, like the well-known *Chrysanthemums,* are slightly "arty", a fault which Steinbeck by nature loathes and of which he is less guilty than most. *The Snake* is a supreme horror story—perhaps *the* supreme horror story, combining the physical terrors of Poe with the subtle and dreadful intimations of mental horror found in Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw.* The tale is simpler than James's, and perhaps less remarkable, but it is extremely effective and is written with distinction. *The Harness, The Vigilante,* and *Johnny Bear,* three stories in which the attention is turned not alone on character but on psychology, are told with a brilliance that gives sparkle and wit: the first has a touch of whimsy to relieve the pathos of its

subject, the second is clever and unpleasant, the third powerful and terrible. *The Murder* is well-told but a bit reminiscent of *Ethan Frome,* with a technique that is precise and skilfully handled but dated. The most serious fault with all Steinbeck's stories is that his natural architectural sense, his desire for clarity, causes him to use forms somewhat outworn and to fail in acquiring the fluency of form characteristic of the best twentieth century stories. *Red Pony,* the longest selection in *The Long Valley,* escapes the latter criticism. A group of three stories about a farm boy and his horses, it has the earthiness and solidity of the land itself: Steinbeck does well at showing the close association between human life and the earth, and he does not here, as in *To a God Unknown,* indulge in false associations and false symbolism: the characters are real, warm, ordinary, and wholesome.

It is in this volume of stories, however, more than anywhere else, that Steinbeck reveals the peculiar nervousness and irascibility of his artistic genius. He is almost hyper-sensitive to pain. In spite of his glorification of common persons and common life, his genuine sympathy with people and his faith in them, he lacks the balanced philosophy of mind and natural geniality of a mellower writer like Somerset Maugham. He has power, depth, richness, warmth, but he has not detachment or serenity.

Steinbeck's best-known book has been *Grapes of Wrath,* published in 1939. The material for this novel was carefully gathered. Steinbeck, accompanied by a photographer from *Life* magazine (who stood him in good stead several times later by substantiating the accuracy of his material), travelled with groups of dust-bowl migrants, journeying from the middle of the United States across the barren plains and deserts to California. The camps depicted were specific places; the personages of the story were composites of real people. Steinbeck threw artificial techniques to the winds and wrote what is a saga of migration, the story of a family, vulgar, ignorant, sordid, but courageous, loyal, and vital. The social debate which has gathered around this book is not important for our purpose. Steinbeck may have placed responsibility for such conditions unfairly; but there seems little doubt that the conditions existed and that his characters have literary truth—they are human beings. The movie in many ways refined the book, which has been barred in many libraries because of the coarseness of its language. In spite of its seemingly contemporary nature, the book has embodied universal elements, of hope, despair, tragedy, and unconquerable will to fight. Steinbeck is most impressed with the power of life, the determination to live, which is found in most human beings, and deeply moved by the seeming illogic of that wish in the face of the sordidness and suffering which is all living seems to offer to so many. It is this awareness which he attempts

to get into his books, which he succeeds in getting in, and which manages to lift all of them out of the degradation of their subject-matter. Steinbeck is a realist, but he is not a cynic. He believes the fight is worth while. He differs from other writers of the proletariat, too, in his willingness to face imperfections frankly, in his refusal to obscure moral values even if defending those whom he has chosen to defend, and in his obvious awareness that economic changes are not enough. At times, however, even he is deceived into justifying ways of life on the part of his people which if applied universally would necessarily break down cultural attainments if not morality.

Steinbeck's intellectual courage is such as to blast through conventions, both literary and social; his themes and outlook make earlier proletariat literature look pale and artificial by contrast. Yet he is more polished and more facile than writers like Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, who have never lost crudities of style and conception. Steinbeck is easily the most brilliant technician in American literature: the combination of beauty of form and clarity of style with characters and subjects who are themselves crude is startling but it is certainly far more effective than the carelessness characteristic of most writers of his social class. Steinbeck is still a young man; yet no other writer in America has as much economy, precision, and certainty. A sufficient amount of fine work lies behind him to assure his continuing success, and the variety of that work indicates fertility of imagination and promises ability to create work that is not merely repetitious. The unusual objectivity with which he sees his subjects, his ability to handle people of background far different from his own, and handle them convincingly and with depth of understanding and wealth of detail, is re-assuring as to his future in a way that Thomas Wolfe's seemingly inexhaustible writing about himself was not. No feeble spark is Steinbeck's genius. He is fascinated by other people and the forces he sees working within them. His quest is unending. *Tortilla Flat* alone should insure him a permanent niche in literature, nor will that book ever be dated, even should *Grapes of Wrath* and his short stories become so. It will be curious to see what the war will do to Steinbeck, to his viewpoint, to his selection of subject-matter. In a world changing as rapidly as this, no man could appear to have better qualifications than he for reflecting and interpreting important phases of the picture, regardless of what it is to be.

HISTORY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

By the Rev. GEOFFREY F. NUTTALL, M.A., B.D.

WHAT is Church History? It is a puzzling question. We are so ready to analyse and departmentalize. We speak of political history, social history, literary or economic history; is Church History just such another convenient division? If so, why does everyone use capital initials? More seriously, is it possible to hold such a view without sacrificing the conviction expressed in the definition of religion as "the expression of the whole self"[1]? Furthermore in practice, while the other types of history mentioned are inter-related, and it is not possible, for instance, to be a literary historian without knowing something of the social history of the period, or to understand social history with no knowledge of its politics, is not this pre-eminently the case with Church History? Church History not only has its own distinctive categories, such as the theological, the liturgical, and the monastic; it includes the others in a way peculiar to itself: the church historian must have a knowledge of political history which will show when worldliness was the tool of zeal, when zeal the tool of worldliness[2], of social history by which to appraise the work of a John Howard or an Elizabeth Fry, of literary history by which to understand the popularity not only of *The Pilgrim's Progress* but of *The Practice of Piety* in the seventeenth century or of *Come to Jesus* in the nineteenth. Seen thus, Church History stands not unworthy of her capitals, as ***regina historiarum***.

Then again, why *Church* History? Is not this a begging of the question, a Catholic assumption or presumption? Fr. Philip Hughes's recent *Popular History of the Catholic Church* (the word *Catholic* is cunningly omitted on the dust-cover) provides no history of Protestantism. As Congregationalists our *raison d'être* compels us to admit, with Rufus Jones, *The Church's Debt to Heretics* in the last four centuries; but even there how heavily the balance of our attention is tilted to the official, exclusive, victorious, majority "Church", and in the earlier centuries still more so. Conversely, "a man may be a heretic in the truth[3]". To say *Church* History is to start with the (perhaps unconscious) assumption that the party which triumphs in a difference is never wrong, that self-styled orthodoxy is always right. Here the Catholic, who in practice would so narrowly hedge about the working of the

[1] W. B. Selbie, *The Psychology of Religion*, 41.

[2] *Cf.* Macaulay, on the English Reformation, *Essays* (1863 edn.), I. 57.

[3] Milton, *Areopagitica* (Everyman edn.), 27.

Holy Spirit within the confines of sacerdotalism, is always ready (especially since Newman's *Development*[4]) with an appeal to the Holy Spirit as having led the Church into all truth; and we are prone to overlook the fact that this again begs the question, with its assumption that the official Church is "the people, and wisdom shall die with" them. Happily we do not now regard the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era as "the night of apostasy since the apostles' days[5]"; but we may recall Stephen's words to the "Church" of his day, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost", and we may believe that in every century it has sometimes been those repudiated by the official Church who have been led into the truth. Christianity includes the sect-type as well as the Church-type, though even the word *sect* "gives an erroneous impression" as expressing "solely the viewpoint of the dominant churches, based on the belief that the ecclesiastical type alone has any right to exist[6]". What we really want is not so much Church History as *Christian* History in all the magnificence of its embrace; and, since the conventional title will be kept, it remains important to be on guard against the influence of its assumptions.

That influence is strengthened by two factors. The sense of history demands a fine interplay between the sense of continuity and the sense of change; in England it is always the former which is the more powerful. The continuity of English institutions is the wonder of the world: that the Sovereign should have had a stall kept vacant for him in St. David's Cathedral since the days of Richard II, that the Archbishop of Canterbury should retain his privilege, as *legatus natus* of the Pope, of granting degrees, that certain churches in Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire should still pay into an annual fund for the benefit of the descendants of the Penderel brothers who hid Charles II after the battle of Worcester—these things are hardly credible. Yet they are facts, significant of the sway which tradition and continuity hold over us, a sway not less powerful in Church History. There is an instinctive prepossession for the *semper eadem* approach, which slurs over the Reformation as no great matter and takes as little notice of anything outside the respectable *ecclesia anglicana* as the Catholic takes of anything outside Rome. The fair-minded church historian must, surely, be as aware of change as he is of continuity, and no less interested in it[7]; and he will recognize that "a stark and dead congealment . . . forced and frozen together . . . is more

[4] Mr. G. M. Young has called attention to Milman's review of Newman in the *Quarterly Review*, 1846, 404 ff.: "Newman's fatal defect was want of historic learning . . . in the hands of Milman he was helpless" (*Daylight and Champaign*, 110 f.).

[5] George Fox according to his widow's testimony: *Journal* (1901 edn.), II. 514.

[6] E. Troeltsch, *The Social Teaching of the Christian Churches*, E.T., I. 333 f.

[7] Mr. H. Butterfield goes so far as to say "to the historian the only absolute is change": *The Whig Interpretation of History*, 58.

to the sudden degenerating of a Church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms[8]''.

The other factor which favours the Church-type at the expense of the sect-type is the lateness of the development of the sense of history as we now have it. With the shining exception of Bede, there were no church historians before the Reformation, only chroniclers, and ''towards the close of the fourteenth century the number and quality'' even of these ''began to fall off[9]''; and one of the reasons why there were no real historians is because there was insufficient sense of change to create the sense of history. The very ''notion of a century we owe, it seems, to religious controvertists of the Reformation time, who found it a convenient framework within which to set the results of their researches into the history of the Early Church[10]''; hitherto *seculum* had connoted the perpetuity only of the *in secula seculorum* of the *Gloria*; when Erasmus asserts of past writers, *Albertus habuit suum seculum, Gerson suum,* and *scripsere suo seculo*[11], that is something new, the sense of distinction and change is appearing, and it is possible to think historically. Even then it is not easy. The researches into antiquity, pagan and Christian, meant the breaking of the unity and continuity which characterize the Middle Ages; but there was still no dynamic sense, no idea of evolution or of flow; the Reformers treated the Bible and the beginnings of Christianity much as Machiavelli treated Roman history, as ''a storehouse of models . . . for the pupil to copy, not to adapt''; there is small comprehension of ''the permanent principle underlying the temporary form[12]''. In Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* we have the provision of a historical background for the new movement, so that ''Protestants no longer felt that it was a sudden contemporary growth, but a movement as old as the Church'', but even Foxe is a great journalist rather than a historian[13]. In the early seventeenth century Foxe's argument was defended at Oxford with some vehemence by the brothers Abbot, Masters of Balliol and University, and at Dublin in principle, though fragmentarily, by Ussher; the Vicar of Batcombe, Somerset, followed with *Look Beyond Luther,* and grateful references to the Lollards may be found in Puritan sermons; but by and large there was no fine historical sense among the sects, who were ready with George Fox to regard the past centuries as but apostasy. No church history comparable

[8] Milton, *op. cit.*, 37.
[9] H. Rashdall, *The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages* (1936 edn.), III. 191.
[10] G. M. Young, *op. cit.*, 167.
[11] Erasmus, *Opus Epistolarum,* ed. P. S. Allen, Epp. 1581, 1334.
[12] *Times Literary Supplement,* Sept. 7, 1940, reviewing H. Butterfield, *The Statecraft of Machiavelli.*
[13] H. Massingham, "John Foxe", in *Great Tudors,* ed. K. Garvin, pp. 383 f., 379.

with Bacon's *History of Henry VII*[14] appears until Burnet's *History of the Reformation* in 1679. This indeed marks "the beginning of a new epoch", "a new historical method", a "new idea of historical development[15]"; but by this time latitudinarianism was already setting in, the Nonconformists were beginning to settle down into established toleration, and the hour for a great sect-type historian had gone by. The eighteenth century was not the century for a sympathetic church historian of any type[16]; the scorn in Gibbon's quip about having "described the triumph of barbarism and religion" betrays him in this regard as being barely more enlightened than George Fox. Finally, the exclusion of the Nonconformists from the Universities severely handicapped them and tended to limit their historical interest and researches to their own denominations. Stoughton deserves recognition as a pioneer for his finely impartial work, suitably entitled (in its final form) simply *Religion in England;* this is a true "Christian History", in which change is appreciated as well as continuity, and the Church-type is not unduly favoured above the sect-type. As such, it stands (in English) almost alone.

* * *

The foregoing considerations are important, yet they remain little more than the outworks of the subject, its form as seen from the detachment of an aeroplane; and detachment by itself, though useful for research, is fatal for interpretation. We must proceed to the citadel, and to no spiritual citadel is there admission without sympathy.

> Understanding is not the result of knowledge, though without knowledge it stumbles, but of the sympathetic insight born of a parallel experience[17].

The detachment which is still necessary is not detachment from the period being studied so much as detachment from ourselves and our own period; remembering that

> a vision or an idea is not to be judged by its value for us, but by its value to the man who had it. And only if we can understand, though it be but dimly, how a man thought and felt in the presence of the daily task or in times of stress, can we hope to interpret his work[18].

And *Church* History, though it embraces so many and various

[14] "the first attempt at philosophical history in the language": R. W. Church, *Bacon* (Eversley edn.), 212.

[15] H. W. C. Davis, "Gilbert Burnet", in *Typical English Churchmen*, 1st ser., ed. W. E. Collins, 173 f.

[16] One would like to see Doddridge's lecture notes on "The History of the Christian Church", all the same; they were presented to New College, London, in 1874 (H. McLachlan, *English Education under the Test Acts*, 279).

[17] R. W. Livingstone, *Greek Ideals and Modern Life*, 117. I would add "or of a creative imagination".

[18] F. M. Powicke, *Stephen Langton*, 161.

expressions of human activity, must always primarily be concerned with "how a man thought and felt in the presence of the daily task or in times of stress", with the things wherein is the life of the spirit, the things by which man lives: in a word, with his faith.

The trouble about so many church histories is that they lack this inner sympathy and understanding. Their writers seem never to enter into the thought and feeling and interests, into the faith, of the period or personality they describe, they are content with the husk of outer action. When enthusiasm meets them, it is to them mere frenzy or fanaticism, ugly as the gape with which a laugh ends is ugly to those who have not shared the inner movings of the spirit.[18a]. Yet so much of Church History, at least in the six hundred years 1100-1700, is the history of enthusiasm and vision, the enthusiasm with which each new generation goes in quest of the ideal as it is seen. In the twelfth century, for instance, take the early Crusades, the growth of the later religious orders, and the building of the cathedrals and monastic churches[19] (Fountains alone had six daughter, and three granddaughter, abbeys built in the years 1137-47); of these not one can be understood apart from the others[20], nor yet can they be understood together without the integrating power of the imagination to perceive the single underlying ideal: *le premier moyen âge . . . est celui des romantiques*[21]. Again, church historians are no doubt right from their own point of view in attributing less importance to individuals than to the spirit of the age, which men rarely *as* individuals create; unfortunately this philosophic approach tends to conceal the fact that *at the time* individuals seem important, and never more so than in the early Middle Ages, when men's enthusiasm makes the influence of a St. Bernard or a St. Thomas so all-powerful, because embodying for them an ideal[22].

At the other end of the period 1100-1700 the same thing is fundamentally true. The soul's orientation, the quality of vision has changed, but it is as much an "age of faith" as anything medieval, as much in quest of the ideal, "straining for a remote and perhaps unattainable perfection[23]". Pilgrimages to Walsingham were out of fashion, but instead men "posted up and down after the most excellent Sermons", indeed Christian in *Pilgrim's*

[18a] I owe this simile to Mr. Charles Morgan, *Portrait in a Mirror*, 248.

[19] As late as 1401 the chapter at Seville resolved to build a basilica "so magnificent that coming ages should call them mad for attempting it" (Havelock Ellis, *The Soul of Spain*, 356).

[20] *cf.* A. W. Clapham, *Romanesque Architecture in Western Europe*, 74 f., where the importance of the part played in all these movements by "the volatility of the French temperament" is urged.

[21] E. Gilson, *L'esprit de la philosophie médiévale*, 1re. sér., 104.

[22] Even in Iceland St. Thomas was the most popular saint after St. Olaf of Norway (Tancred Borenius, *St. Thomas Becket in Art*, 38); and the "Canter-" of his Canterbury became (*kantari*) the Icelandic word for "bishop" (J. B. Johnston, *The Place-Names of Scotland*, 61).

[23] Evelyn Waugh, *Edmund Campion*, 27.

Progress was to everyman much as Hamlet is to the undergraduate of to-day. How many a "shattered believer" then knew the experience of "posting most furiously in a burning zeal towards an unattainable end[24]"! The very phrase speaks the πάθος of that time,

> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Such is the very stuff of Church History, and therefore an understanding of the inner faith and Christian experience of men is necessary, whether, as in the Roman Church, the experience "has to be controlled by orthodoxy[25]", or, as in Protestant Christianity, orthodoxy itself develops in accord with a growing experience less concerned to conserve the actual than to create the ideal[26] and with a faith which does not pretend to a static infallibility. The historian's understanding, in any case, must be dynamic, because as from a contemporary standpoint. To forget he is describing *post factum* what took place is a historian's natural failing, he is too lazy to make the effort of imagining what it must have been like to live *at the time,* when what is now securely past was then to come and still unsure; yet nowhere is this effort more imperative than in Church History, where, precisely in so far as men live by faith, they live also at a tension, staking their lives on an ideal which only the future can prove (if that).

It is this sharing of the enthusiasm of men's faith and of the uncertainties that give it edge which makes Lord Eustace Percy's book *John Knox* such an exceptionally fine study. The period is admittedly one of the most crucial in Church History, and may itself be symbolized by Erasmus' paraphrase of the raising of Jairus' daughter:

> he toke her by the hand, much like as though he should but awake hir out of hir slepe, saying with a good loud voice: maiden arise. And what folowed? no creature alive dooeth more lightlyer awake from slepe at the voice of any that calleth him up, then this maiden arose again from death to life, as soone as Jesus spake unto her. For not onely hir solle and life returned again into the tabernacle of hir bodie, from whence it had tofore departed: but also she arose up, and walked about the house as merie and lustie as ever she was before[27].

"With a good loud voice . . . as merie and lustie as ever she was

[24] Both phrases are autobiographical. Francis Howgill, *Works,* 39 ff., and John Salmon, *Heights in Depths,* Foreword, as quoted by Th. Sippell, *Werdendes Quäkertum,* 231, 200, a book with a fine sense for *das Werden* in religion.

[25] M. C. D'Arcy, *The Nature of Belief,* 236.

[26] *cf.* A. M. Fairbairn, "The Churches and the Ideal of Religion", in *Catholicism: Roman and Anglican,* 43.

[27] A copy of Erasmus' *Paraphrases* still lies open at this passage in Westbury Church, Wiltshire.

before'': how wonderful it must have been to come upon Tyndale's *New Testament* for the first time, and with it such a paraphrase, making the Gospels and Jesus real and "modern"! Lord Eustace Percy is not afraid to feel this wonder and its effect upon men, making them even "fey", because to them "the truth of the Christian faith and the meaning of the Christian hope mattered, in the last resort, more than anything else in the world[28]"; and for the church historian it is its *mattering* that matters more than anything else. *John Knox* contains passages on theology, liturgy, economics, politics, literature, and much else besides of that in which men's faith must find expression; but all these things are integrated in, and are seen as subservient to, that faith. So also Lord Eustace lives with his characters in the agonizing uncertainty of their faith's triumph in the world: "it looked for a moment as if Protestant Switzerland might be isolated" (1545); "the whole future of Christianity hung on a knife edge" (1556); religion "was at bay in Europe" (1561)[29]. As we read, we forget we in fact know the event, now mummified and still, we witness the changing decades as they change and *care* as men cared then; the whole work is set alight by the imagination's contemporary vision. That, surely, is the way to write Church History.

[28] pp. 26 f., 73.
[29] pp. 93, 241, 343.

CHRIST THE LIFE OF THE SOUL AND OF THE CHURCH.

By Dr. John Murphy

In view of recent discussions familiar to many readers of the *Congregational Quarterly*, the time seems opportune to state once more the fundamental basis of Congregationalism, and some of the principles which are the corner-stones of the building. This metaphor is used in order to give point to a preference for a better one than that of a building, namely, the metaphor of organic life, the life of an organism. Both, needless to say, are Scriptural and both are Pauline; and, in pursuing through his epistles this image of life—the inner life creative of the outward form and forms of the body, the soul, the Church—one is impressed again as so often by the magnificent modernness of St. Paul's mind, since this conception is one of the freshest and most fruitful in recent philosophy. At the same time one cannot escape the further impression—how true the apostle is to the mind of Christ here as elsewhere, in that this image of life, organic life within, creative of the outward forms, expressions, organs, natural to it, is so frequent in our Lord's parables of the soul and of the Kingdom.

It may occur to some that an assertion of our principles might well be left aside at this present time. Is not unity the ideal just now for everything, and should we not rather emphasize the things which unite us with other Churches than dwell upon our principles as distinctive and dividing us from them? But should it not be possible so to expound our Congregational principles as to bring out the very things which do most vitally unite us with other Churches and with other Christian people? It is, however, the fact that in raising this question of unity we have come face to face with one of our most important principles; and to see what meaning we as Congregationalists give to "unity" in its Christian sense sets us upon the road to the heart of our problem.

We may begin with an idea of unity which often lays hold upon many minds in a time of danger or crisis, when they say: "Let us sink our differences; let us get together; union is strength". There is commonsense enough in that; and yet we have seen the unity of a frightened flock of sheep, or of a herd of timid deer, or perhaps the grimmer unanimity of a human mob. Sir Alfred Zimmern, in his article on "Two Types of Democracies" in this journal (April, 1940), describes such a type of unity in the German so-called democracy, in which, he says, there is

> the arbitrary will of one man at the centre, supreme over every other individual will or group of wills in the community. He does not represent or harmonize or even listen to these other wills; he simply suppresses them, by blocking up every avenue to public discussion. He abolishes freedom of speech, freedom of public meeting, freedom of association, and even, in large measure, freedom of worship . . . suppresses Trade Unions and sends women back to the kitchen—all in the name of democracy (p. 144).

That kind of bare unity which means the wiping out of difference, the mere achievement of sameness, a group of beings all thinking the same thing, doing the same things, like a flock of sheep all wheeling the same way at once, like a herd of deer on a mountain-side all staring in the same direction as though turned to stone, like a savage tribe absorbed in some incantation of their priests—that is not a high type of unity, and it is clearly not desirable for higher kinds of communities such as civilized nations, or individual churches, or churches in relation to the Church as a whole.

Turning from this glimpse of the wrong kind of unity to which people sometimes flee in times of stress or fear, let us look at various other kinds, from the simplest ascending to the highest and most complex. The mechanical unity of a stone is simply broken up by the blow of a hammer; but it would take many such blows to destroy a living bush just budding into leaf or summer blossom. The reason is that it has the wonderful tenacious unity of life, that one life which expresses itself in such a variety of ways. Yet obviously there is a deeper unity in the body of an animal than in a plant; and richest of all in variety, in sensitiveness, in organs of expression, is the human body. No need to mention the eyes and the ears and their exquisite responses to sights and sounds, the delicacy of the feelings, the swift moving of the whole body in gesture or action. One cannot wonder that St. Paul was so fond of this metaphor of the human body as a picture of this idea of unity, and of a life which makes the highest kind of integration. He employs it of his faith in Christ which was the very life of his soul; he sees the same unifying Divine life in the individual church whose members had such faith; and further pictures the Church as a whole as the very body of Christ, in which all the separate churches were united by the one Divine life of Christ in them, this being clearly manifested by their one faith, their one love, and their one glorious enterprise of the Kingdom of God.

In these expressions for the unity which is created by the indwelling life of Christ in the soul and in the Church, we have touched four of the chief principles of Congregationalism.

1. There is the first of them in that favourite thought of St. Paul's that his faith meant that Christ was the very life of his body, that Christ dwelt in him body and soul, made him a habitation of

His spirit, using, as it were, the furnishings of his mind, the well-springs of his emotions, the fire of his heart, the restless electric energy of his will. "To me to live is Christ"; "I no longer live but Christ liveth in me"—the Lord of his faith the very life of his body, his soul, his spirit. Can we wonder that He made of Paul the glorious character, the majestic and yet most lovable personality, that he was? There in fact may be seen in perhaps its noblest human illustration the principle which is first in our Congregationalism because it is first in all Christianity, that a personal faith which makes Christ the life dwelling within us, inhabiting body and soul, is the beginning of everything else.

This is of very practical importance; and it is a crucial point in our church life. For it ought to be the focus of what is meant by membership of the individual church. I sometimes wonder whether becoming a member of the church is so decisive a thing in practice as it should be, whether there may not be in recent days a danger of vagueness and perfunctoriness in approaching the matter, and then a mere formality of words on admission. I certainly think that young men and women when they are becoming individual in everything else, acquiring their own opinions, their own attitude, their own judgments on the world, should have the opportunity of answering such questions as: "What are you doing about religion? What is your attitude to God? What do you make of Christ?" That is the basic principle on which our Congregationalism—because it is the foundation on which our Christian life—is built. It is the implanting of the life-principle, which unifies and develops all the rest; and what Christ can make of the body and soul which He inhabits is seen in St. Paul and the finest characters we have known.

2. This leads to the second basic principle of our order: Christ is the indwelling life of the Christian congregation. This proceeds very naturally from the first; for if Christ as central for religion is in the individual soul, such souls are inevitably drawn to each other. St. Paul works out this favourite principle of his in another interesting picture when he writes to the Colossian church telling them what it means for him to be a minister of the church of Christ[1], something indeed so splendid that he can endure sufferings and afflictions for it cheerfully. He uses the romantic metaphor of a secret hoard of incredible richness like the treasure of pirate tales, the riches of a glorious mystery, the mystery of the Gospel, which is, however, a mystery no longer, for it is the grand open secret of the good news that the unheard-of wealth is for everyone; and this good news it is his ministry to proclaim. He enshrines it once more in that striking figure of the indwelling Christ, when he says that this vast discovered treasure is "Christ in you" or "Christ among

[1] *Cf.* the whole passage, *Col.* 1[25-29].

you'' ''the hope of glory''. The two translations are of equal validity; no one can tell which is preferable; and that is an interesting testimony to the impossibility of separating the two strands of the influence of the indwelling creative life. In any event, it is true that Christ present in the faith and to the heart of each individual in the church, is also present among them as a congregation; and there is ''the hope of glory''; that gives them hope and indeed assurance of some splendour to come.

In April I look at my lofty rose-bush. In the last month the stems have grown a deeper green, and now there are buds upon the shoots and leaves pushing out into the sun. It is life the hope of glory; it is the power of springtime in the life, the hope of the summer splendour the tree will bear of opening buds, and then rich crimson blossoms swinging like censers warm with colour and fragrance. Hence I should say to any gathered people, ''Christ in you as men and women of faith, Christ among you as a congregation, is the hope of glory, the life within that makes the spiritual springtime possible, the Divine promise of a summer splendour that is coming. Do not be afraid to claim it; do not think it too radiant, too poetic, for your common lives and for your often drab surroundings. Christ in you, Christ among you, is the hope, the assurance of it all''. To take an example which seems at first sight extravagant and yet is part of the constant inheritance and the practical life of the Church, it may truly be said that with Christ in the midst of it, the Church may have hope of the glory of the *mind of God*. The apostle says proudly, ''We have the mind of Christ''[2]; and hence it is simply the truth that the Christian congregation may have for its possession the splendour of the thoughts of God.

3. Is not this what happens in each service when the word is preached? It happened in Galilee, one recalls, when Jesus had called round Him twelve men; and as He taught them and the crowd beyond them, the glory of the mind of God—nothing less—broke out before their eyes in the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus among humble people; and the splendour of the thoughts of God, the lovely beatitudes, the gentle power of the law of love, the white purity of the inward spirit of holiness, bloomed more radiantly on the mountainside than the lilies and anemones among the grass, and the fruit-blossom on the trees. Here is the third of our Congregational principles, derivative, branching out from the central creative life-power, Christ in you, Christ among you by the preaching of the word. In that passing on to you—by a prophetic and apostolic ministry of to-day—of the thoughts of Jesus, and by the reading and thinking of the Christian congregation, there is the hope for you of the glory of the mind of God, solemn, bright,

[2] *I Cor.* 2[16].

heartening, humbling glimpses of the splendour of the thoughts of God. I am not forgetting that there are other ways of coming to know the mind of God than a minister's preaching and a people's hearing of the thoughts of Christ. That infinite Mind needs, to express its endless variety of truth, all the deepest thoughts the greatest Christian minds have ever entertained; but, just for that reason, I have no hope of that kind of unity among the churches which some think would be attained by their all agreeing to say at the same time one of the ancient creeds, and saying that they all believe it in the same sense. In such a unity there could be no glory because it loses the infinite variety of the thoughts of Christ concerning God and man and history and the world, and because it would be the sort of unity which is so often sought under the impulse of fear, the inglorious unity of the frightened flock, the timid herd, the magic-seeking tribe, the nation without freedom, the Church without the living Christ in the midst of it, the hope of glory. Always it is our Congregational principle, which at the same time is the common heritage of all Christians and churches, that it is "Christ in you". Christ in the faith of each Christian of us, Christ in the midst of each church, Christ in the consciousness of all the churches, making the Church catholic and universal, who is the source of every new vision of God, who is the Holy Spirit in every age guiding men forward into new regions of truth, and who is Himself the power of each new advance towards the practical realization of His Kingdom of love in the world.

4. Here on the practical side we touch a fourth main principle of Congregationalism, not to be separated rigidly from the others because it is part of the same living integration, the expression of the same inner life which is the beginning and the end of everything else, that creative organizing life-principle to which we have traced the others, and which St. Paul describes as Christ in you, Christ among you, the hope of glory, the promise of every value and richness in the life of the soul and the life of the Church. It is the biological principle that the outward form of every living organism is the creation of the life within. As Jesus taught in His parable, the seed of corn seems to die and disappear; but because the life really lives on, the green fabric of the blade is woven; and then the life makes something marvellously different in the cluster of the ears of corn; and then, as the ears fill, the life lays hold of the sunshine to give them ripeness and golden value. One may see how it works in the individual soul. The life of Christ in the heart of St. Paul fills him with sympathy for the poverty of the church in Jerusalem; and he gathers money from the churches in Greece and Asia Minor, and then makes his heroic journey to deliver it in person, although warnings of the danger meet him at every stage on the march, and his arrest comes at the end with its result in

imprisonment and martyrdom at Rome. So Christ the life of a man or woman creates the glory of loving heroism. One may see the life-principle at work in the Church, making its forms and organs as need arises. Thus the Congregational churches, like Jesus, place the child in the midst; and so they have been among the foremost in the valuing and development of the Sunday School. Again, there is no magical power in the hands of an ordaining priest or bishop to make a man a minister of the Church of Christ; but the indwelling of Christ in the man's heart through faith, and the call of a people to him while they seek to obey the Spirit of God, place him in the true apostolical succession. Nor is there any mystical grace in a bishop alone that without him certain ministries and works of the Church should be impossible; but it is an example of the power in Congregationalism to respond to any new impulse of the spirit of Christ in a new time that the churches have recognized the value of wise and experienced men who may act as kind and trusted counsellors in time of need, and may represent with due solemnity and dignity the will of God in setting a man apart to the holy ministry.

These may be sufficient illustrations of how our Congregational principles branch out from the one fundamental principle of the life of Christ in the soul and in the church, creating all its organs as it needs them—its ways of thinking, feeling, doing, at the impulse of the love of Him and the vision of His will. Christ in you, Christ among you, what hope is there too glorious if that sacred, lovely, creative life has free course? The hope of a new evangelism breaking out into new methods and new organs of its expression, transforming dull lives in drab neighbourhoods, why not? The hope of world-evangelism, dare we take our eyes from that glory when Christ is the hope of it? The hope of a full and free and unhumiliated, honoured life for all the common flocks of men in all the lands, with its consequent hope of world-peace; the hope of a world whose organization at last springs from His spirit, how should that be too glorious since He came to bring the many flocks of men into one under His shepherding, and came that they might have life and have it to the full? May we not apply to that love of Him which would make Him the life of the soul, the Church, the world, what Emerson says of a human friendship?

> Give all to love,
> Obey thy heart;
> Plans, credit and the muse,
> Nothing refuse . . .
> 'Tis a brave master,
> Let it have scope
> Follow it utterly,
> Hope beyond hope.

A CHALLENGE TO THEOLOGICAL LIBERALISM.

By the Rev. J. E. Gregory, B.A., Churches of Christ Mission, Nyasaland.

However much he may dissent from the view that liberalism in theology is "dead for all time", he would be stupid indeed who did not recognize that this is liberalism's day of visitation. How it conducts itself in this its crisis hour will surely determine its place in the history of Christian thought, either vindicating its claim to be regarded as a humble and earnest servant of truth, or stamping it for ever as the embodiment of obscurantism, the more despicable because of its masquerade as a disinterested seeker after truth. One has the feeling that the reaction of the more vocal of the exponents of theological liberalism to what has come to be regarded as a return to traditionalism does scant credit to those qualities of mind that we have been wont to associate with liberalism in the past. This essay is an attempt to make articulate this feeling, and to suggest what is the true function of liberalism in the present situation.

1. Not a few of those who claim to speak for liberalism contend that any return to traditionalism commits us to the acceptance of certain "outworn thought-forms" in our endeavour to express intelligibly the content of the Christian faith; but surely this does justice neither to the facts nor to the intelligence of traditionalists. Have we not been reminded by a traditionalist himself, in what is his apology for a return to traditionalism[1], of the necessary distinction between "dogma"—the things most surely believed—and "theology"—the particular (and necessarily changing) thought-forms by which we seek to make the "dogma" intelligible to ourselves and to others?

2. In the interests of what they conceive to be the faith, liberals heartily deplore what they consider to be just one more pernicious attempt to demand, as the essence of discipleship, intellectual assent to certain propositions about God, the world, and man. This is a protest against the gross misuse of the historic Creeds, and, let it be admitted, a perfectly legitimate and much needed protest, too. We do need to be constantly reminded that creeds are standard expressions of the Church's faith in God, and not formulæ to which, if we would be considered orthodox, we must give assent; but, after all, are the advocates of a return to traditionalism so

[1] N. Micklem, *What is the Faith?*

completely unaware of the need for making such a distinction? Has not Emil Brunner himself[2] warned us of this fatal "deification" of creeds?

3. I may be misjudging certain liberals, but I cannot resist the conclusion that much of their protest springs from feelings of personal resentment. Liberalism meant life to them in the early days, and are they to go back on it now just because of a few folk who prefer a humiliating security to the hazards of freedom? What, if not the now despised liberalism, assured them of their right to *believe* at a time when such assurance was desperately needed? Whence, if not from liberalism, came that motivation to social action which earlier interpretations of the faith had so completely failed to supply? That liberalism did mean all this, and more, to many people no one would be so foolish as to deny, but are we right in pointing to these beneficent effects of liberalism as evidence of the truth of all its contentions? The claim of liberalism to have discovered some vital truth about God and the world must surely be considered quite apart from any question of what liberalism has meant to this man or that.

4. Liberals are fond of drawing the distinction between "earnest and honest discipleship of the Master" and the giving of intellectual assent to certain propositions about God, the world, and man. The question here involved of the misuse of creeds has already been dealt with; we have now to consider this emphasis on "earnest and honest discipleship of the Master". Let it be said at once that this emphasis springs from real insight into the nature of God's purpose for mankind. We are challenged to a life of service in friendliness and humility, and who will deny that this is of the very essence of Christianity? May we not ask, however, when this particular emphasis became *exclusively* characteristic of a liberal presentation of the Gospel? Liberalism could hardly be suspected of acknowledging St. Paul as its patron saint, but to whom else are we indebted for the great hymn of love preserved in *1 Cor.* 13, an utterance that is surely of even more value to us than the bare enunciation of the principle of "love to God and to one's neighbour", in that it indicates something of the inexhaustibly rich content of the word "love", and incidentally provides us with those intermediate axioms without which we find it hard to relate our general principles to the concrete business of living? I know, of course, that certain liberals are glad to recognize a "continuation of the Galilee tradition in Paul's writings", but surely they are far from doing justice to the facts when they go on to say that St. Paul's insistence on the supremacy of love has nothing whatever to do with his theology. St. Paul himself would stoutly repudiate any such dichotomy.

[2] In *The Mediator.*

5. It used to be fashionable to contrast the Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels with the Christ of Pauline speculation, and to maintain that St. Paul distorted beyond all recognition the simple gospel preached by Jesus. To make such a contrast and to accuse St. Paul of such gross perversion is now neither fashionable nor excusable, but some of the exponents of theological liberalism still do it. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that either such people are ignorant of the fact that the situation has changed completely within the last few years, in which case they forfeit their reputation for keeping abreast of truth in all fields; or that, knowing the facts, they deliberately ignore them, thereby revealing a lamentable lack of just that single-mindedness of which they have boasted so much. Recent New Testament criticism, which, incidentally, is merely an extension of just those very inquiries that alone made the rise of theological liberalism possible, has established the intimate connection between the message of the Synoptic Gospels and that of the Pauline Epistles, in such a way that both these different kinds of literature are seen to be concerned with a common object, namely, that of witnessing to the Church's belief in Jesus as the Christ. Liberalism is quite free, of course, to quarrel with the findings of New Testament criticism, but, in point of fact, it hardly seems inclined to do so, its attacks being reserved for those supposed features of traditionalism that we have already noted.

Is there nothing, then, for liberalism to do, or must we echo the chorus that it is dead for all time? The prevailing opinion is, I know, that we have heard the last of liberalism; but I would like to suggest that there is cause for our suspending judgment. Liberalism, as I see it, has one more chance, but only one, of retaining the popular vote in its stand against traditionalism. This cannot be argued, however, until we know something about the standpoint of traditionalism. The Christian faith, says the traditionalist, is the faith of those early Christians who affirmed that God, having intervened at various times in the history of Israel, for the judgment and salvation of mankind, did something in a new and decisive way for that same judgment and salvation of mankind in the historical crisis constituted by the appearance, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. No one will imagine, I hope, that I am offering this as a serious and adequate appraisal of the traditionalist faith. I do suggest, however, that we have here sufficient material to enable us to determine what is the one remaining task of liberalism.

The traditionalist faith obviously stands or falls with the truth or falsity of those primitive affirmations about Jesus[3]. There are

[3] I am not suggesting, of course, that once we are convinced that the early Christians were right in interpreting as they did the facts about Jesus then we must accept without further question the whole of the traditionalist faith. The point I wish to make here is simply that traditionalism must necessarily be rejected should

two ways open to anyone wishing to contest the truth of these affirmations. He may question the validity of the whole doctrine of God, the world, and man implied in these affirmations; should he succeed, of course, in invalidating the doctrine, there would be no point in asking whether the affirmations about Jesus in particular were true or false. He may, on the other hand, prefer to leave for the moment the question of the validity of the doctrine of God implied, concentrating on the less ambitious, yet equally decisive, task of making good his claim that the early Christians were wrong in so interpreting the historical facts about Jesus as to see in His coming an "act of God". Here, then, lies the challenge to Liberalism. *Let it convince us that the early disciples were wrong in what they affirmed about Jesus, and we will willingly concede it the right to interpret the significance of Jesus along its own lines.* I would suggest it ignore for the moment the question of the validity of the doctrine of God implied, and concentrate on the question as to whether the early Christians' interpretation of the facts about Jesus was true or false.

Let there be no misunderstanding, however, of the true nature of the task. No attempted compromise such as was offered by the more orthodox liberals of an earlier day will be acceptable. We are not asking the liberal to establish some sort of a connection between God and Jesus, and then proceed to develop a religious philosophy with this as a basis. We are asking him to consider *the actual interpretation that the early disciples themselves put upon the facts.* What we want to know is not how far we of a later day are justified in speaking of Jesus as "the Christ" in the sense in which *we* understand the term "the Christ", but rather whether or not the early Christians were justified in speaking of Jesus as "the Christ" in the sense in which *they themselves* understood the term. Again, we are not asking the liberal to tell us that he somehow cannot bring himself to believe that the early disciples were right in what they affirmed about Jesus; what we want is definite assurance either one way or the other. It may be, of course, that such assurance can never be given; well, let liberalism say so, and then let it proceed to the further question as to whether or not such an interpretation of the facts is *reasonable.* Should it decide that we cannot say with absolute certainty that the early Christians' interpretation was unjustified, then it must concede to traditionalism the right to stand at least as a *possible* interpretation of the Christian faith. It is by no means unlikely, of course, that

the primitive affirmations about Jesus be shown to be false. Should we decide in favour of the early Christians, however, we are obviously still faced with a host of other problems, such as the validity of the doctrine of God implied; the legitimacy of later developments in the direction, for example, of a doctrine of Incarnation; the relation of the ethical teaching of Jesus to the salvation offered through "the Christ"; the precise determination of such terms as judgment, salvation, revelation, *etc.*

liberalism would not tolerate the presence of a rival in the field; in that case it would have to show that its own interpretation of the faith was *more reasonable* than that of traditionalism.

Apologists of traditionalism have already applied themselves to this same problem, but the last word has not yet been spoken. What has liberalism to say?

NONCONFORMIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE

When Dr. A. L. Drummond's interesting study of *The Church Architecture of Protestantism* was noticed in these pages some six years ago, regret was expressed that the author confined himself largely to the 19th and 20th centuries, and that so little attention was paid to the buildings characteristic of English Puritanism and Nonconformity. In the *Journal* of the Royal Institute of British Architects for 15 August, 1938, this gap was partly filled by Dr. Drummond himself in an article entitled "The Architectural Interest of the English Meeting House". He divides the subject into four periods: buildings erected before 1688, between 1689 and 1720, between 1720 and 1800, and in the early nineteenth century. His study, which is concerned mainly with Presbyterian, Unitarian, and Congregational churches, is accompanied by illustrations of the exterior of Horningsham and Friars Street, Ipswich, and of the interior of Churchgate, Bury St. Edmunds and George's Meeting, Taunton. There is also a list of other meeting-houses not mentioned in the article, and an interesting map showing their distribution.

The subject has been carried a step further by an article on "Nonconformist Architecture" in the *Architectural Review* for December, 1940. This is by Mr. John Betjeman, whose approach is somewhat different. He shows examples of the earlier "theological style" and of "the architecture of enthusiasm" which succeeded it, but his main interest is in the growth of a native style, a true vernacular evincing "all the vigour and originality we associate with vernacular architecture", and in the difference between the English chapels and the Celtic chapels of Wales and Cornwall. He also includes Methodist buildings and observes the influence of Methodism on the architecture of the older denominations. Of Congregational churches he says that they "are more sedate and less home-made looking than those of any other denomination", and Mansfield College he calls "one of the best bits of Perpendicular Revival" in Oxford. "Since about 1910 there has been a liturgical movement in many Nonconformist churches": "the new buildings", he concludes, "are not the architecture of the people". His article has 44 excellent illustrations, many of them large, the majority exhibiting "the native style" which Mr. Betjeman finds so fascinating, and very few of them being well-known buildings. (Belgelley should be Begelley.)

Both writers leave the Quaker Meeting Houses severely alone. These, of which there are a number in the Northern Counties where Quakerism originated, might, together with other early buildings such as Horningsham and Tewkesbury (Baptist), well be made the subject of an article to themselves.

Geoffrey F. Nuttall.

DEVELOPMENTS AND EXPERIMENTS.

This Section of our Journal aims at chronicling not only developments in theological thought and in ecclesiastical organization, but also practical experiments in all branches of religious life and service.

Often when successful attempts have been made to solve some problem in one part of the country, the rest of the Churches remain ignorant, and we trust that these pages will not only serve as a clearing-house of ideas and a record of changing emphasis, but also broadcast valuable information of progress in Church and denominational life.

Our representatives in the Colonies and the United States will from time to time contribute accounts of similar movements. The Editor will be glad to consider brief articles serving this purpose.

YOUTH AND THE CHURCH:

A DISCUSSION.

It is a commonplace that the generation to which we minister is wireless-conscious: how far can we adapt to public worship the techniques which, in the hands of the B.B.C., have proved so serviceable for purposes of instruction? Can we, for example, depart occasionally from the fixed sermon-form and substitute for it a carefully prepared conversation? What follows is the (revised) script of such a conversation between a minister and a Bible Class leader, and its reception suggested that the experiment was one worth repeating.

Minister: I believe, Miss ——, that you want to talk over with me this whole problem of youth and the Church. I wonder where we should begin. Perhaps you will let me ask you a question?

Leader: Certainly. What is it?

M.: You have a class of adolescent girls, and you know them exceptionally well. If we are to help them we must first know just where they stand. What do they think about the Church?

L.: One *tries* to get to know young people of that age, but whether one succeeds is quite another matter. The trouble is that what is in their minds is all as yet so vague and formless, and issues rather in a general restlessness than in any clearly formulated demands. I have spoken to them about the Church, of course, and about membership in it, but there again I found them diffident and quite reluctant to express their real feelings. But I am convinced that what they want most from us can be put in a single word—fellowship. And I am equally certain that their attitude to the Church is ultimately determined by the attitude of the older folk to them.

M.: You have put your finger on the spot, I should say. The restlessness you speak of is characteristic of the adolescent and is really a longing for something which will give direction to life, which means, of course, a religious vision. Again, what counts at this stage is never an institution, but always a personal relation. Your girls will come for you and not for the class. But you speak of the attitude of the older folk: what would you say that is?

L.: It is largely one of fear. Apparently, too, these fears contradict one

another. They are afraid, for example, that young people will not be willing to come into membership, and then again, that they will bring with them all sorts of new ideas and disturbing, challenging proposals. They speak sometimes as though the young people would turn the Church into a mere social club, and yet I suspect they think sometimes that they might make something too much in earnest out of it, and so leave them—the older generation, I mean—rather uncomfortable.

M.: A most interesting analysis: I wonder how many of those fears you speak of are lurking in corners of my own mind! But what would you say to those who assert that young people only want the Church for what they can get out of it, for its social activities?

L.: I should take them to a church which I know very well, and in which a piece of work has been done which demolishes at once any such contention. I am thinking of the Bible Class at Northumberland Square Presbyterian Church in North Shields. Something like twelve years ago the members of that class decided to take up in earnest the problem of working-class houses in their town. They did this entirely on their own initiative, following on an address given by the Director of the Tyneside Council of Social Service. Many of the men concerned were unemployed at the time, the Class had no funds with which to begin, but in a bold venture of faith they purchased two acres of ground and had plans prepared for 24 houses. In a week of furious campaigning, they collected the £2,000 which they wanted, and some £100 extra. Within a few months the first houses were ready for occupation. To-day the whole enterprise is controlled by a Trust, on the committee of which the Bible Class is largely represented: they provide accommodation for 140 persons at a rent of 12s. per week. Nor is that all: another block of houses has been erected for families which cannot afford this rent. I could tell you of more that has been done by this particular Bible Class, but there should be enough in this story, surely, to convince the most doubtful.

M.: We must remember, of course, that you are speaking in this case of what we would call older young people. Still, I would be prepared to say of adolescents also that what they want is not social activities as such, but what they hope to get thereby—that fellowship of which you spoke just now. And your own class has shown what it can do. Think, for example, of that social and concert which they ran a month ago, which they insisted on having entirely in their own hands. We were only to be allowed to pay for it! Why, at the close they turned everybody out of the kitchen and insisted that they must wash up! When they work together they are just splendid. But all alike need the support which comes from a group to which one really belongs, not just one which is a list of names, including one's own. They must work as a group or run wild as individuals. If only we could make the Church a place in which people were as thick as thieves without having any of the qualities one associates with a thief, I do not doubt that we should attract youth to it quite naturally.

L.: Don't you think the mixed character of the Church militates against fellowship? We get on so much better with people of our own age, do we not?

M.: Exactly. All the same, God made us members of families, and our Lord took the family as the pattern of what human relations ought to be. The Church is a family which links together past, present, and future: she will be here when you and I have gone, as she was here before you and I were born. It is her task to draw youth and age together.

L.: That's very fine in theory. But will age ever understand youth?

M.: I don't know. We must try to help each to understand the other, that is all I know. Do you remember that the Old Testament closes by saying how Elijah will seek to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the children to the fathers?

L.: Yes, and it goes on to say that if he does not succeed the earth will be smitten with a curse. It looks to-day as though it were smitten with a curse, does it not?

M.: Quite, and this problem of youth and age has a lot to do with it. But I must not talk about that, or I shall never stop.

L.: But please do. You mean that young people to-day are unsettled and older folk critical because of the war?

M.: Much more than that. I will let you into a secret. I was born under Queen Victoria, and my parents had lived all their lives under her. Britain then was the land of a splendid and unbroken tradition, Church and State were fixed beyond question, and we were all proud and successful, confident and secure. But the young people who were, say, six or fourteen in 1914 when I was twenty-one, grew up in a home from which the father was away in France for eighteen months, or they went to school half-time and hoped the war would not end before they were ready for it. Then the young people of to-day! Think of the effect on a sensitive adolescent of the frightful tension of Munich! Think what it means to listen-in every day for years to some tale of broken treaties, sinking ships, and ravaged nations! The great need of the early years of life is security: my generation had all the security it could wish for, while those who came after us have gone painfully short of it.

L.: I can see how that makes for unsettlement. But how would you say that older folk should act in view of all this?

M.: I would say to them: Never point out to young people that they are not what you were at their age. Never criticize if you can possibly avoid doing so. Remember that they grew up in an unreliable world, and that life is very difficult for them: therefore be very patient. You will help them best by quietly living your life in faithful service; young people will respect you and unconsciously will learn stability from you. Genuine character will win them in the end. But we are like stories; the moral is all the more effective when it comes out so naturally that it does not need to be told.

L.: And what would you say to young people?

M.: Beware of Adolf Hitler!

L.: What do you mean by that cryptic remark?

M.: Tradition is not a lovely word to young people: it suggests restriction and imprisonment to them. So they want to cut loose from it and live their own lives. But they cannot: we must learn to use the past and make out of it a better future. We were shaken by the last war, but not to the same extent as the Russians, the Germans, and the Italians. All that the German people had believed in—the Kaiser, the kings, and the army—failed them, and there was a frightful sense of loneliness everywhere. Men had lost touch with their past: they spoke of life as "substance-less": everything solid had gone out of it, and it was like a stream flowing—none knew whither. But men cannot live like that for long. In a nation like that, youth is desperately insecure, and when youth is desperately insecure, it is in danger of surrendering itself to the first saviour who comes along. That is what makes dictatorships: the old people hate them, but the young wel-

come them. We were spared anything of the kind in this country because, shaken as we were, we were not wrenched from our past altogether. I would say to young people: You cannot just turn loose and be free; you need the past which the old folk bring you. Otherwise, the first Hitler who comes along will capture your loyalty.

L.: You have used that word "loyalty" several times: isn't that what Christianity is concerned with?

M.: Yes, Christ offers youth a loyalty. Do we older men and women in the Church give them the other thing they need—a fellowship? That is the question.

E. L. Allen.

THE CHURCH IN THE *BLITZ*:

I. COMMUNITY SERVICE AND OUR CHURCH.

First as to local colour. This is a much-bombed area. A great number of our church folk have evacuated. Some have been killed, others injured, and several bombed out of their homes. Our beautiful church and church hall have just been repaired for the second time, and asbestos boards now take the place of glass in over 75 per cent of the windows. The inside of our manse and the roof were badly wrecked some time ago, leaving us only a kitchen and cellar to live and sleep in. Nevertheless, we still have a small band of folk anchored to the district, loyal to their church, and doing their utmost for those around it.

Our biggest piece of work has been the running of an Emergency Feeding Centre in our church hall, one of some half dozen or so in the Borough. The name is misleading. It embraces far more than feeding. Immediately a raid is over, often before it is over, the Centre opens. Very soon, at first in threes and fours and then in ever increasing numbers, folk arrive sent to us by the A.R.P. and Police. At once hot tea and biscuits are served to them. Blankets, mattresses, beds, and deck chairs are issued, and they are bedded down. Meanwhile more are arriving, and so it goes on. Daylight is faintly tinging the sky, and one thinks the last has arrived when, may be, another hundred come in all in one batch.

A raid may bring in 25 folk; it may bring in well over 300. One Sunday at 3 a.m. about half our own church membership were homeless and assembled in the hall. Luckily it was mainly due to time bombs, which were safely removed, and few of their homes suffered that time. That week we slept nine in the cellars of the manse; but that was before the manse was wrecked.

Some arrive black as sweeps, coated with soot blown down the chimney and needing hot water at once and plenty of it for a good wash. Some arrive in night attire, which may represent all the worldly possessions left them. We supply them with clothes, of which we have a store sent us by friends for this purpose. We have had children come stark naked. We find clothes for these. One morning I fitted a short man with a long pair of trousers, the only pair I had left, to enable him to go to work. He did look funny, but he did not mind, and took in the leg surplus with string tied round under the knee. Some come in with freshly-dressed wounds and suffering from shock. These we put in a separate room where there is an open fire. Tragedy abounds. Families get separated in the dark and not knowing whether the other members are safe or even alive are apt to get hysterical. One night we had in two children of about 2 and 3 years of

age. Their mother was killed and their father in hospital. The next night we had two even younger. One of their parents was killed, and no one knew what had become of the other. Always we get crowds of children who run about as if they had just had an undisturbed sleep and had never heard of such a thing as an air raid, whilst their parents are generally all in.

We also get a number of dogs, ranging from Poms to Alsatians, who sit close to their master's knees and are universally quiet and docile and seem to welcome a kind word and a rub on the head as I pass round. Cats are brought in, but not so many as dogs. Birds in cages appear as well. I have known a man risk going back into his wrecked house to rescue his "budge". One girl lay in a state of semi-coma for twelve hours till I could tell her her dog was safe. Then she got up and had food.

When daylight comes a sort-out takes place. Many go off to relatives and friends, and a residue, perhaps anything up to two hundred, is left with nowhere to go. These remain at the Centre till the Borough finds them fresh accommodation. This may take a week or it may take two. Meanwhile they have to be fed as well as slept. Breakfasts begin at 6 a.m. for those who must be at work by 7. There may be forty requiring such. A few more want breakfast at 7, and the main breakfasts come at 8. The hall must then be tidied up and if necessary cleaned. Dinner is at 12.30, tea about 4.30, and supper about 9 p.m. Dinner comes in cooked from outside. The other meals are provided on the spot. The work involved is colossal, and washing up is endless.

The food and equipment are provided by the Borough, who also pay for heat and light and fuel. The church gives the use of our premises free, and the work is done by the voluntary services of the women of the church under the leadership of my wife. These ladies are all members of the W.V.S. When open the hall must be staffed night and day. Our workers are mostly wives of working men and have homes and families to look after. The younger helpers work in offices and factories. The other Saturday, when a long *Blitz* began early in the evening, one girl of about 19 years of age was caught in town; no transport being available, she walked three miles through a fearful raid in order to be at the hall to do her promised turn of duty from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. Often the women come through gunfire to take their turn.

I personally carry no responsibility for this work. My wife and her helpers do that. I just fit in and lend a hand to anything. That is to say I dish out tea and blankets, and give a hand with washing up or anything else. I give comfort, furnish advice, and administer assistance to the homeless. I also keep an eye on the general conduct of those in the hall. This is essential. Some have no respect for the premises and drop filth all over the place and degrade it to the level of a hog-pen. For the well-being of the rest these have to be made to toe the line. It requires straight talking and sometimes more than straight talking. I have had to eject drunks and women who would turn the hall into a brothel, as well as quell family rows. Many things I learned in the last war as a combatant officer have come in very useful.

For the service rendered by the women of my church I have the highest admiration, and for their sakes I was delighted that their Majesties the King and Queen honoured us by visiting our hall and inspecting the work being done.

I do a few other odds and ends as well. The local Home Guard, a large Battalion, invited me to join and be their Padre, which I did and now put in one night a week with them.

The Borough asked ministers and clergy to become special A.R.P.

Wardens and give attention to our town shelters. I accordingly took under my care the great underground shelters close to my church, in which at night sleep anything up to 1,200 people of all ages from babies to eighty or more. Twice I have found babies fourteen days old down there. I visit these shelters about every other night; when things have been "sticky" I have been round twice on the same night.

The usual routine of church work goes on, plus endless letters to our lads away in the Forces and to our folk evacuated. What time I have over, my leisure so to say, I use for sleep, for even a parson in a bombed area must sleep sometimes.

S. F. Sullivan.

II. SHEFFIELD.

In seeking to give a picture of the way the churches have faced up to the war situation in Sheffield, one has to avoid exaggeration. Naturally a writer wishes to create the best impression, when describing how the churches have withstood the shock and sought to give a helping hand after mass air-raids. Whilst praise cannot be too high for those who worked like Trojans to save life, fight fires, and provide shelter for the homeless, yet exaggeration such as "we can take it" and kindred expressions are to be judged rather as forms of mysteria after grim and terrible days. Yes, we have to keep our balance and not over-rate or dramatize sufferings or courage. This applies equally when trying to estimate the service of the churches in dark days.

The hard facts of the situation in Sheffield are seen, of course, in loss of life and injuries sustained, in widespread material destruction, and also in the universal inconvenience experienced by the people. To take a case in point; thousands of people were without water for quite a time and, as mobile canteens went round, one realized with a start, in this highly mechanized age, how completely dependent we are upon God's bounty, seen in nature's commonplace gift of water. The churches have to seek to drive home that lesson of utter dependence upon God.

A great many people had to be placed in rest centres, for which purpose church schools, day schools, and other halls were made available. As many as 100 premises were occupied in order to maintain an average of 63 centres operating at one time. This involved a great deal of voluntary service and large gifts of clothing, and here the churches played quite an important part. In addition, a number of church members opened their houses for temporary hospitality.

One feels, however, that church folk have, for the most part, been greatly active not so much in organized church ventures as in joint community work with other Christians. Thus one fine piece of service for the soldiers stationed here is in charge of a committee of Christians of all denominations, under the chairmanship of a leading Congregationalist, with a Baptist Temperance leader as the energetic secretary, and a Methodist as the chaplain. A well-known and central public-house, which had previously been purchased by the Sheffield Corporation for street improvements, was obtained, the Corporation kindly lending it for the duration of the war as a social and refreshment centre. For months this Committee has provided, at a small charge, hot meals and snacks. In addition, opportunities for friendship have been furnished, whilst a short service of prayer and praise is a recognized item before the 9 p.m. news. Thousands of meals have been served during the period. By the mass air raids this Centre was put out of commission for a couple of months. Now it is to be opened again and, as the chairman told me, put on a 24 hours a day basis. This is service repre-

sentative of all the denominations. Recently a new appeal has been sent to the churches, inviting volunteers to do fire watching at the Centre and to help to prepare and serve meals for the Forces at all times. Organizations such as the Y.M.C.A., not forgetting the Y.W.C.A., with its fine new building, opened just before the mass raids and providentially preserved from destruction, are giving splendid service to the community in co-operation with keen church workers. The same applies to the Council of Social Service.

It is not customary to use shelters as dormitories in this city, although in one of our churches with an excellent air raid shelter the old folk of the district come and settle down for the night and bless the chapel-keeper and those who have made it possible for them to spend the nights there. In fact a local butcher, whose old mother uses the shelter, offered to give £50 to place extra comforts in it. Unfortunately, before the promise was fulfilled, the shop of this would-be benefactor collapsed as a result of enemy action.

To serve the children is a matter constantly upon the minds of church leaders, when they can find them after the shock of bombing. Even a children's party has a healing and calming influence. Such a party was made possible in a poor district of Sheffield by spending a few pounds of the gift of American Congregationalists, and as one minister remarked to me, "Faces that have been marked with strain were seen to smile once more". I would say, "Don't forget the children, and let them in these days look forward to a jolly party".

Much church work, especially week-night activities, has been definitely slowed down or does not now exist. Factors contributing to such a state of affairs are workers and others called up for the Forces, many serving in the various branches of civil defence, and the unwillingness of folk to come out at night time. It was cheering, however, to learn the other day of one Young People's Society that had now re-established itself and was going to renew its work. Perhaps a prelude to renewal on the part of others.

Congregational Churches have not suffered heavy damage, with one or two exceptions. Still it is bad enough. Here, of course, the degree of severity varies considerably. Still, concern about one's own fellowship does not help towards really effective united action of the churches. Actually the task is to keep the fellowship of the individual church together and make folk feel that their Christian faith is truly worth while. One is convinced that the pastoral work of ministers was never so much needed as now —a willingness to use their feet even at the expense of their sermons! Probably, however, the minister will preach better sermons because his feet have been moving about on errands of mercy and good cheer. (Of course, I have heard about the declaration of the notable preacher who said you can't do both!)

There is little time to-day for church members to plan for the days after the War, yet one is very sure that inspired and prayerful planning is certainly called for from Christian leaders. A plan must be evolved which includes in its scope a mighty evangelical appeal to all the churches, a plan that will be designed to rebuild the church fellowship, irrespective of what we may or may not get from the Government to rebuild our church structures.

C. P. Pitt.

III. A SHELTER FELLOWSHIP.

I am sitting in the office at the Digbeth Institute, when suddenly the silence is shattered by a sound that has now become almost too familiar. "The

wailing banshee", so aptly described by the Prime Minister, is giving its sinister warning; I gather up my gas mask, a bottle of water, and a packet of sandwiches, and make for the Big Shelter underneath the Institute. I am just in time to greet the first arrivals who come tumbling down the stairs with their poor bedding and their little packets of bread and margarine, prepared for a long night's vigil. The sound of the sirens is a sure indication of a bad night here in Birmingham, and no sooner is the shelter filled to capacity than inferno breaks out outside. Faces are strained and anxious as our fire watchers dash out to deal with incendiaries, and the shelter rattles with the concussion of bombs falling all too near. For a moment there is a threat of panic, but a quiet "It's all right, that one has dropped, and we are still here" from the Shelter Marshal quiets the alarm, and we settle down for the night. There is far too much noise from the outside for comfort, so we decide to make our own noise from the inside to counteract it. "What about some community singing?" asks the Shelter Marshal. "Yes, let's have it", comes the response from the 200 men, women and children. Immediately we start a sing-song that may not be musical from the standpoint of the high-brow, but is tremendously successful in drowning the noise outside, restoring confidence, and blunting the edge of fear. We have neither music nor book of words, but it is amazing how many of the old and new songs the people can sing. The Shelter Marshal improvises on the piano, and the music, rough and ready as it is, does the trick and helps the people to forget what is going on outside. Towards the end of the long night, when things have quietened down, the Shelter Marshal makes a suggestion, "What about holding a little service? We can only hold it if all are agreed". This has to be said because the crowd is a very mixed one, and is made up of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. But the response is again unanimous, "Yes, let's have one". The service that follows is one I shall never forget. The Shelter Marshal gave out verse by verse that lovely old hymn, "The King of Love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never", and the singing, although far more subdued than the community singing, was impressive and heartfelt. This was followed by the reading of the 27th Psalm: "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?", and it is my humble belief that most of those who listened came a little nearer their Lord that night than ever before. How quiet and hushed they all were as prayers of thanksgiving, of penitence, and petitions for pardon and power were offered, and how the atmosphere was charged with a real sense of the Presence of the Spirit as we finished our service to the haunting strains of "Abide with me". "Emotions of the moment", some cynic will say. No, there was something far more vital than that; there was a real sense of the unseen and eternal amid the change and decay all around. "I haven't been in a church for 20 years", said a Warden who had wandered in just in time for the service, "but I am all for it". That Warden has since found his way back to the Church. The service has now become a very central part of our life as a shelter community. After every service a collection is taken; when they were asked what they would like to do with the money, some suggested a Spitfire fund, but this was vetoed unanimously when the Shelter Marshal suggested that it become the nucleus of a Benevolent Fund to help any case of real distress among the people of the shelter. This fund has since been a real blessing to many of the needy people of the neighbourhood. Of course we have our problems. One of the first was caused by a spirit of antagonism towards the Jews in our midst. One of them is a man of forceful personality, and apt to be a little pugnacious at times; added to that is the fact that he has a big voice, which booms and reverberates through the shelter when he voices his emphatic

opinions—which is often. Some of the people became outspoken in their anti-Semitism, and veiled insults were aimed at the Jew and his race. How to break this down was one of our problems, and it was solved in a very simple way. The Shelter Marshal found that his Hebrew friend had real entertaining gifts of the comic order, so he put him up to give a turn at one of the first entertainments. He was an instant success. He made them laugh, and anyone who made them laugh couldn't be so bad as all that. From that moment he was accepted as one of themselves, and later by their consent was appointed an assistant Shelter Marshal. Anti-Semitism has since disappeared from our shelter. Another problem was one of order. Occasional drunks wandered in, and invariably created a first-class row. We wanted to run our shelter without calling on the police, and this problem was solved also in a simple way. Among our "customers" is a man whom I have come to regard as a real pal. He is a coal-heaver by trade, a man of fine physique and really tough. He occasionally tries to pull my leg and shock me by counting up the number of half-pints he can drink without getting drunk. But I have never yet seen any sign of drink on him. When the first drunk appeared on the scene, he turned to me and said, "Leave this to me, guv'nor; you go into the office and I'll see to it". See to it he did, for when I came out of the office five minutes later the drunk had gone, and my friend was sitting down nursing his little baby, with a very satisfied smile upon his face. Curiously enough we have never had a row in the shelter since, because he has made it his job to "see to it". One thing with regard to this friend of mine that has touched me very much is his love for and joy in his baby. A big, rough uncouth man, yet he is as tender as a mother in his handling of the little one. He loves to nurse it, feed it, and amuse it when awake, and watches over it with tender solicitude when it is asleep. One night when he had the baby upon his knee he turned to me and said, "Ain't she a beauty, guv'nor?" She was, and so was he at that moment.

The women of the shelter have been splendid. They have formed themselves into a band of cleaners, and made it their task to keep the shelter clean. They scrub it out regularly and take a real pride in their task. It is a strange world, this shelter world, but a world full of heroism, friendly feeling, and mutual help, and I am glad that I have found a place in it.

T. J. Bevan.

IV. SOUTHAMPTON IN THE FRONT LINE.

Out of a blue sky across which billowy clouds were sailing came the first vandal bomb, hitting a modern Parish Church plumb, and reducing it in the twinkling of an eye to a heap of rubble. The nearby Congregational Church—the Avenue—at once seized the opportunity to offer hospitality, and in a day or two the little Chapel there became the sanctuary in which the parishioners of the St. Barnabas Church could make their daily communion.

The second Church to be put out of action was a Congregational one, Pear Tree Green. Here the Methodists came to the rescue, the two congregations uniting for afternoon worship. But the people at Pear Tree Green are taking their courage in both hands and repairing their battered building, and hope to celebrate Easter within the old walls.

Then came two nights of indescribable havoc. The main shopping centre was burnt out, the nearer suburbs blasted and fired. Fourteen churches were either destroyed or severely damaged—six Anglican, two

Baptist, two Methodist, the Unitarian Church, and three more Congregational Churches, while others received less serious injuries. The Above Bar Congregational Church, mother church of our denomination in these parts, the church where Isaac Watts was a boy, and where his hymns were first sung, was completely gutted; so was our Freemantle Church, and in each case property on which the church depended for income was destroyed also. The Avenue Church suffered damage to roof and windows.

For days distracted ministers and church officers went about seeking temporary meeting places. The Seventh Day Adventists offered their hall to Freemantle; Above Bar found a new home in the Friends' Meeting House. Ruins were searched in the hope of finding something left, safes were forced open for records and deeds. There was a thrilling moment when the minister and secretary of the Above Bar Church discovered the old documents intact, and from among them there slipped out into the light of day a manuscript sermon of Isaac Watts.

Perhaps the most poignant loss of all was sustained by the little Church at Northam. For years it had been saddled with a heavy debt. By hard work and self-sacrifice and through the leadership of a most zealous minister almost every penny had been paid off. Loving hands had made the little church really beautiful. Now its walls totter drunkenly, the roof is gone, the organ is a wreck, while through a great hole blasted in the front wall there stares ironically the scroll on the wall, "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness". Around the devastated church are the ruined homes of its people, and where the merry voices of children used to ring through the air a deathly silence broods. The new minister has had to seek another sphere of work, while the folk that are left have joined up with the mother church until a new building can be erected.

But the churches of Southampton are not despairing. On the Sunday after they had lost their building one congregation gathered in a room over a shop. The *Te Deum* was sung, and sung with a ring of assurance and hope that must have reached the angels.

It was a fortunate thing that the Central Hall was not hit, although it was in a heavily bombed area. The workers there immediately turned it into a centre for aiding air raid victims. Day and night bewildered pathetic folk were housed, fed, clothed, advised, given good cheer and hope, and then got away to safety. Workers in bombed-out churches went down to lend a hand.

The Christian Scientists opened a Free Meals Centre, while the women folk of the churches joined up with the W.V.S. to distribute the clothing which poured in from sympathetic people in the country districts. In those country districts ministers of churches toiled for hours on end, often without food or sleep, to house homeless fugitives.

Ministers in the town spent day after day searching for their scattered folk, and evening after evening writing to them at the new addresses they had secured. The black-out and the *Blitz* have cut church work and meetings down to a bare minimum. It seems incredible to hear that churches not twenty miles away are running their usual winter programmes.

Yet in spite of it all a letter like this was written by a Church Secretary about the services of his church, services now held in a substitute building with about a quarter of the old congregation:—

> Meanwhile our difficulties have revealed talent that we did not know we possessed, and brought out the best in many members who had been content to take a comparatively passive part in our church life. It would be true to say that the whole atmosphere of our services is

more real and consecrated than it seemed to be when we had our beloved building.

Bombs and fires cannot destroy that spirit. It is bound to prevail in the end.

MAXWELL JANES.

V. GUIDANCE FROM COVENTRY.

MEMORANDUM PREPARED BY A GROUP OF MINISTERS OF RELIGION IN COVENTRY.

General.

Blitz raids so far exceed anything that most of us have experienced that precautions which in normal circumstances seem exaggerated were found in in the event to be inadequate. If the minister is to carry out his work of mediating between people and public officials, which, in our view, is one of the most important tasks he has to perform, it is necessary that he should beforehand have both got into close contact with the people in shelters, rest centres, and any other places where they congregate in large numbers, so that he may have their confidence, and also have acquired a personal understanding where possible of the officials of the local administration, and a working knowledge of the various means and measures for administering relief after a raid. Such a "bridge" position would qualify him to be used in such local offices of public administration. This decentralization we feel to be of first-rate importance. Without it, people are herded in great numbers and with maximum inconvenience in interminable queues, which have to be dealt with by short-staffed departments, and increasingly exhausted officials.

Cards for Identification.

It has been found valuable to distribute cards to members of congregations, with space for original address, evacuation address, condition of property, health of members of the family, *etc.*, upon it, which people are encouraged to send in to their ministers as soon as they find themselves evacuated. One of the most difficult problems after a bad raid is to trace people's whereabouts.

Worship in Houses.

Another important part in preparing for a bad raid, in which a church and its buildings may be destroyed, is to form groups of worshippers in private houses, and especially in the case of Sunday Schools for children. This means that when a church is destroyed it is still possible to carry on the worship of the congregation at a few focal points in private houses.

After the Raid.

1. *Mortuary.* It is most important that there should be an ample staff at the Casualty Bureau, and that this should include at least one, preferably three (Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Free Church) ministers. Such men must be released from their ordinary work in order to be present throughout the long hours of waiting which have to be spent by inquiring relatives at the Casualty Bureau and at the Mortuary. It makes a very great difference if such ministers can be present at the Bureau to help relatives in framing their inquiries, and to speak words of encouragement; and further, it is of great importance that at least one minister should be on duty throughout working hours at the Mortuary itself, so as to be able to assist the official in charge in the very delicate duties in connection with identification, which fall to his lot. We are strongly convinced that the official in charge should be a person specially selected for this work, which makes, as can be imagined, great strain upon tact and patience.

2. *Mass Funerals.* It is important that there should be no reading out of names of those buried at mass funerals, because, in the nature of things, it is difficult to be sure that all casualties will be buried at once, and it would be a mistake to cause needless anxiety and heart-searching to relatives and friends. It must of course be possible to find out at the Casualty Bureau who has, and who has not, been buried, but this information should not be given publicly at the funeral itself.

3. *Hospitals.* After a raid on a big scale, the probability is that most of the patients are taken away from the town to hospitals in outlying parts. It is, therefore, impossible for the usual hospital chaplains to carry on the necessary work. We, therefore, advise the selection of at least one chaplain (Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Free Church) to be called upon immediately after a serious raid. His duties would include finding out from the local hospital or hospitals the destination of patients sent away, the visiting of the evacuation hospitals, making contact with regular chaplains and almoners of the evacuation hospitals, and, with their consent and good-will, constituting himself messenger and liaison officer, as well as spiritual counsellor, to the victims of the raid, a large majority of whom will be found to be quite out of touch with their families, and whose sufferings are greatly increased by this fact. It is important that this selection of appointments should be made before a raid, because after one it is very unlikely that any minister can be freed from his normal duties for any length of time. Such work will be immensely facilitated by the use of a motor-car, and application should be made for a special petrol allowance.

4. *Destroyed or Damaged Churches.* It is important that clergy themselves should master the details of the requirements of the local authority and of the State in regard to application for compensation, and that they should be able themselves to advise others about this. So far as Coventry is concerned, the first person to see was the City Architect, who could authorize necessary repairs of church or church building, to be carried out by, and at the expense of, the local authority. Once this was done, the most important person became the Local Clerk of Works.

In this connection, as in many others, it is of the greatest help to all concerned, that a meeting of incumbents, and a meeting of Free Church ministers, should be called as shortly after the raid as possible.

We are convinced that the critical day is the day after the bad raid, and that the greatest strain of morale would occur in the case of a second or third repeated night's raiding. It is therefore, necessary to harness every possible assistance of public spirit against this emergency. We feel that this will mean for the ministers, among other things:—

1. The appointment beforehand of certain men specially to co-operate with public officials where such co-operation would be acceptable; *e.g.*, at the Public Assistance Board, the Food Office, the various Housing Offices, following the example of the Casualty Bureau and Mortuary.

2. Visiting and spending as much time as possible in the places where the people congregate. These will include by day the various Public Offices mentioned, surviving provision shops, and the Citizens' Advice Bureau; and by night, rest centres, first aid posts, and public shelters.

We believe that demoralization follows where there is ambiguity about the administration of public relief, *e.g.*, some of us hold that a clear final date, after which no relief will be administered beyond exceptional cases, would be an advantage. Again, the dividing line between relief administered by the Public Assistance Board on the one hand, and help given by a Mayor's Fund on the other, should, we feel, be clearly drawn.

It is advisable that any public fund should be approached by representatives of the Anglican and Free Church Ministers separately, with a view to obtaining relief for their members who have themselves lost property or essential tools.

In parishes where many gifts of money are sent to relieve need, it is worth while to suggest that there is no need to spend it all quickly. Some of it may come in very useful later on.

LESLIE E. COOKE.

VI. THE ADELPHI ARCHES.

THIS Shelter was inspected by the Mayor of Westminster the other night, and he told us we were one of the best run shelters in London. We hardly ever have trouble. The canteen I organized was the first to be opened in any big public shelter, and the provision of hot drinks did a good deal to cut out excessive drinking. I am O.C. lights: the bright lights are turned off at 10 p.m. and the dimmed lights are left on all night. We light up at 6 a.m. Practically all our lodgers are asleep and snoring by 10.30 p.m.

We have organized eight squads of fire fighters from among our lodgers, and on the night of a big fire *Blitz* these men saved both sides of a near-by street and we received a letter of appreciation from Westminster City Council. Bunks were installed last week and our numbers are now reduced to just over 500, with provision for casuals and casualties.

That is the situation today, but it has been a long uphill fight. The conditions at first were simply appalling. The latrines (chemical buckets) were in the sleeping quarters. For several months the Shelter Marshals were sleeping in a stable outside a public latrine which overflowed most nights. I have often had to roll up my trousers and wade on my way to the canteen, which was in a small arch entirely unventilated. This space outside the latrine was the only floor space available for casuals, and more than once casualties, women with head wounds and so on, were sent on to us for shelter after treatment in the First Aid Post. We had to scrounge mattresses and blankets and put them on this stone floor. The people we have in the Shelter have practically all of them lost their homes, but I have as yet never heard one word of complaint from any man or woman, whether lodger or casualty.

After many remonstrances, the Council decided to make the Shelter one of the best in London; it is one of the safest and quietest. The Council now do all we ask and supply all we need. Wash places for men and women have been put in to replace the emergency wash place which one of the Women's Guilds helped me to provide. Decent lavatory accommodation has now been installed.

Two canteens have been built and we have handed over the working of them to a caterer. We have a recreation room where we hope to have concerts and a service on Sunday nights (if we can get a parson; so far the parsons who have visited us have been too appalled by the conditions to stay). I want to get a Women's Club going with a sewing meeting for the Red Cross if possible, and some youth work for a very fine crowd of about 50 young people. (A Girls' Club is now in progress, a volunteer from Independent Press running it. It has shorthand, keep fit, and home nursing classes.)

I go on duty at 6.30 at night, am on call all night, up if there is trouble, but am now getting several hours' sleep until 5, when the first exodus—of men who work in Covent Garden—begins.

In the early days we had about 100 derelicts of the type who sleep on the Embankment among our lodgers, but these have now been removed to

a Shelter reserved for tramps. Of course they drift back whenever they can!

At first we never saw a policeman, and had to go out into the barrage to look for one if he was required. Now we have a stream of police through each night, also policewomen. We have had very little trouble with street women; there are a few professionals, but they have got hitched up and are now comparatively respectable.

We now have a visiting doctor each evening and two nurses on all night. A sick bay will be opened in a few days, also an emergency First Aid Post. We started a free gargle service and treatment when conditions were bad, and so far have steered clear of any epidemic, though before we had a nursing staff there were cases of severe illness and we had a pretty anxious time.

From the point of view of morale, I feel that the next few months are going to be our worst. The majority of people are underground for at least twelve hours; this has sapped their energy. We are getting a good many cases of poisoned fingers, feverish colds, *etc.*, and I long to pioneer by getting the first sunray equipment in a public shelter. The doctor is as keen on it as I am, and says we need an ultra-violet ray lamp. The snag is the cost. What we really need would cost about £90, which is out of the question, but we could do something with £30. We have not more than a dozen children left in the Shelter, as we have persuaded their mothers to evacuate them. The people who need sunray treatment are all workers, and such treatment is also badly needed for many of the rescue men. If they are not on their job they are underground; they sleep in the Shelter when off duty.

The Shelter is in two parts, made up of four Arches with adjoining buildings. They were built several hundred years ago as a thoroughfare for the fishermen and traders who used the river before the Embankment was built. One part of the shelter is a vaulted chamber which once was part of the Palace of the Bishops of Durham. Sir Walter Raleigh lived somewhere in this neighbourhood and went from here to the Tower. The site where the Savoy and various offices now stand used to be the favourite tilting ground of Henry VIII. Pepys lived just round the corner, and it is from this spot that you can picture him writing his account of the Great Fire. Bacon the essayist lived round here too, and Barrie and Shaw of course in later years.

The Adam brothers reconditioned the Arches, intending them as an underground thoroughfare so as to free their fine new houses from the noise of traffic. I now live under one of the old Adams houses which remains on the spot where Dickens portrayed his thieves' kitchen in *Oliver Twist*.

No more wonderful page of history has ever been written than that which could be written about the magnificent courage of the people who use this historic bit of London as a refuge. Practically all of them are now my friends. I know their stories and their worries: a lad of fourteen or so, spattered from head to foot with human flesh and blood, but staying on to help dig out another woman until the rescue men arrived; an A.F.S. girl (one for whom I want sunray treatment), saw her relatives killed, and helped to dig them out, and was buried herself a few days later, yet she volunteered for Southampton when their *Blitz* was at its worst; a man who had all his family wiped out and who came to us for comfort; old age pensioners climbing up on to top bunks at night to get more air, soldiers and sailors on leave, bomb-shocked A.F.S. men and ambulance men and women coming so that they may sleep in peace. As I go on my rounds at night and watch them sleeping, or get a hot drink for some nerve-racked

man or woman who can't sleep, or tuck somebody in, the sum total of the tragedy seems almost more than a human being can stand.

When I slept for those weeks on the stone floor surrounded by smells, I used to think of the Christ Who was born in a stable, when I was bombed out homeless, I remembered that He too had nowhere to lay His head, and at nights as I am on watch, I often think that He must brood over these homeless, brave people and long for someone to come in and make Him known to them.

We Shelter Marshals are now housed in satisfactory sleeping quarters which serve also as an office, for, once a big shelter is well organized, there is a good deal of business to be done in connection with lectures, discussion groups, and classes, not to speak of personal interviews with people in trouble. At the end of our quarters is a stone staircase complete with iron balustrade and boot scraper. David Garrick must have used this staircase, for it led from his house to a wine vault which he rented "under the Arches".

DORIS FEENEY.

WHAT IS WORSHIP?

It is a thirsty land being watered from above.
It is a candle in the act of being lighted.
It is the prodigal son hastening homeward.
It is a soul standing silent before the mysteries.
It is a workman for a moment listening to music.
It is an eager heart seeking for the love that never fails.
It is time flowing into eternity, space lost in the infinite.
It is the celebration of all in life that we value most.
It is food and drink for all who hunger and thirst after righteousness.
It is a man climbing the altar stairs to God.
It is a joyous moment of communion with the divine.
It is an age-trodden pathway to one's own soul.
It is a little journey to the uplands of life.

[From the calendar of Evangelical Congregational Church, Needham, Mass.]

ON LIFE AND BOOKS.

SOME HISTORIANS OF OUR TIME.

One of the red-letter days of my life—was it in this existence or in one lived aeons ago?—was when I opened Dr. G. P. Gooch's *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century*. Often ere then I had stood, silent upon a peak in Darien, surveying the far-stretching land of history, and following through the telescope the track since men with halting words—and at first not even with words—began to tell the story of mankind. Herodotus and Thucydides, Cæsar and Livy, walked there before my eyes, and then men of many lands and languages, Bede and Dante and Gibbon and . . . But the nineteenth century had always fascinated me—Ranke and Mommsen and Macaulay, Motley and Prescott and Carlyle—and to read about them, their contributions and their methods, in Dr. Gooch's book, was nothing less than thrilling. Then came knowledge of historians whose lives actually overlapped my own (Green's just missed)—Freeman and Froude, Creighton and Gardiner, and the learned bishop whose *Select Charters* had been a weariness to the flesh. How well I remember reading some of these contemporaries for the first time, rushing to the University Library for volume after volume of Froude's alluring story, making full notes of Mrs. Creighton's *Life and Letters* of her husband, listening to Warde Fowler and Tout.

Then I began to know some of the writers of history: A. J. Grant, my first teacher, one of the best lecturers—and one of the best writers of *Outlines*—I have known, never wanting a word and every word the right word; C. H. Firth, my second teacher, who continued Gardiner and perhaps improved on him, and whose knowledge seemed boundless; P. F. Willert, R. L. Poole, and many others. I omit references to ecclesiastical historians, though it was not without a thrill that I found myself, at the age of thirty-two, presiding over a Commission on Congregational History and Polity made up of men all twice as old and ten times as wise as myself—Bartlet, Crippen, Lyon Turner, Nightingale, Powicke—all of them now gone.

From the day I first read Gooch I have been a voracious reader of the biographies of historians; I remember the joy with which I discovered among the letters of Henry Allon, afterwards published as *Letters to a Victorian Editor* (Independent Press, 1924), a large batch of letters from Freeman. And somewhere I have many pages of notes copied from the *Letters* of that lovable person, John Richard Green. As I grew older Gooch became more than a name to me: I realized the competence of all his work, and noticed the respect in which all scholars held him. Then one evening I was invited as guest to a select little Society—Ramsay MacDonald used to be a member, Percy Alden was another—which had acquired the excellent habit, I forget whether it was every year or twice a year, of listening to Gooch making a survey of the international situation. Up he stood, without so much as a note, and in fascinating fashion—it all seemed so easy—led us through the countries of Europe; he knew the past history, for the documents were at his fingers' ends; he knew the present actors in the drama in many lands; and with graphic illustration he made us see what was going on.

All this flashed before me as I opened Gooch's British Academy paper, *Harold Temperley*, and as I read H. A. L. Fisher's *An Unfinished Autobiography*. I have, I think, described before how nearly I became

associated with Temperley: for a time he was Grant's colleague at Leeds, and when the University there gave me post-graduate scholarships, Grant was anxious that I should go to his old University and work with Temperley at Peterhouse; Oxford and the Bodleian, Mansfield and Firth, won the day, however; else I might have become a political historian, though my poor showing as a linguist would probably have blocked the way. As I look back, I see 1909 was the watershed year of my life; my great interest in politics and nineteenth century history pulled one way, my early studies in Elizabethan history the other; probably it was the religious bias of my home which was the determining factor.

Temperley I met only once, but because of that "near miss" I have always followed his work with interest. With Professor Grant he wrote an admirable *History of Europe* which has long been a stand-by of the student; that and his work on Canning I knew well, and also his collaboration with Gooch in the volumes of *British Documents on the Origins of the War*, still a storehouse with many treasures. What I did not realize until reading Gooch's Memoir was the range and intimacy of his knowledge of the Near East, the extent of his travels there, and the number of his acquaintances. As a fair and objective writer of history Temperley made his name; but those who did not know him will value his co-editor's testimony to his character:

> Temperley warmed both hands before the fire of life. His capacity for work was astonishing. Possessing an accurate mind, he insisted on accuracy and thoroughness in others. His two great books, *The Foreign Policy of Canning* and *England and the Near East*, deserve the highest of all compliments, namely that the work will not have to be done again. As an editor of documents he was in the first flight. None of his contemporaries did more to encourage disinterested study and research. . . . Professor Ernest Barker has spoken of his rugged greatness. He threw every ounce of his energy into whatever he undertook, and he left his impress on many lives. His death at the height of his powers was felt throughout the academic world, not only as a tragic personal loss, but as a blow to the cause of historical scholarship to which he had dedicated his life.

The medievalists have so dominated Cambridge during the last generation that we wonder how such a modern historian as Temperley could come from there. Fisher, however, was Oxford through and through; his early life, at Winchester and New College, was blessed by the bounty of William of Wykeham, and after wanderings which took him to a modern University and to the Board of Education he returned to spend his last years as Warden of his old College. This slight *Unfinished Autobiography* is so full of a number of things that I should almost be willing to sacrifice the great *History of Europe* to have had it complete. What a pity we could not have had both! Now we can only be conscious of a yawning gulf in the story. From becoming a Don at Oxford to acceptance of the Presidency of the Board of Education we have nothing. Happily there is a description of that chapter in Fisher's life, but then no more apart from accounts of his visits to Canada and to the United States.

What we have is so good we regret all the more what is missing; if once I began to quote I should find it difficult to stop. Fisher began life with many advantages: his parents were in that blessed condition which knows neither poverty nor riches, but their connections and his father's post as Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales brought the children into contact with many well-known figures in the world of art and letters. He was one of a large and brilliant family, and he was, on the whole, fortunate in his

teachers and counsellors. He had the advantage of lengthy periods in French and German Universities, and evidently possessed the enviable gift of tongues. To York Powell, of whose person and library a delightful picture is given, he owed the advice which led him to Paris before he visited Göttingen.

It is safe to say that some readers will find the Paris chapter the most charming in the book: it is packed with vignettes which live in the memory—of Clemenceau telling of Monet standing at the bedside of his dying mistress, seeing nothing but the beautiful violet shadow on her temple; of Taine, advising the budding historian to take a three-years' course of medicine under Charcot (then the rage) because the study of the human body and a background of psychological knowledge were necessary to the historian; of Flaubert, whose happiness was said to have been poisoned because of two dependent genitives, *une couronne des fleurs d'orange*, in his masterpiece. Renan showed kindness to the young Englishman, and talked to him about Sabatier, who determined to learn about the wicked Catholics his mother hated so that he might convert them, and became an authority on their ritual. Sabatier found his way into the old man's lecture room, and—but Fisher's account cannot be bettered:

> "Avez-vous compris?" he asked. "Pas un mot, Monsieur", was the reply. Thereupon, to his intense astonishment and delight, this raw young provincial student was taken up into the great man's study and treated to such a lecture on theology as he would never have thought possible. At the end he started to take his leave. It was raining hard. He had no great-coat, no umbrella, and his poor garret was the other side of Paris. Renan escorted him home, holding his umbrella over him all the way and all the time talking like a god. At the end of their journey Sabatier was too shy to interrupt the talk and so back they walked to the Collège de France and back again across Paris to the student's lodgings, the famous old man steadily holding up the umbrella and steadily talking, the enraptured young student trotting by his side. As may be imagined, from that time onwards Sabatier was Renan's slave. It was to Renan that he owed the chief inspiration of his life. "You wish", said the great savant, "to reconcile the Catholic and Protestant Churches. Study St. Francis. He is what Catholics and Protestants have in common".

Two points have been often in my mind as I read these fascinating pages. The first is mentioned in Taine's advice just quoted—the relation of physical health to life, and to history. One of my best friends, whose life was a long struggle with bodily weakness, often used to maintain that physical strength, resilience, toughness, were necessary to success: that without a "good constitution" a man could not "make good" in any sphere of life—he used to quote Gladstone, Disraeli, Asquith, and Lloyd George, in the political sphere. I used to argue in opposition that, on the other hand, it was amazing how much had been done by men handicapped by disease—John Richard Green, for example, or Robert Louis Stevenson—but I never succeeded in shaking his conviction. Fisher thought that Taine was justified in his contention that physical causes have been unduly neglected by historians, and adds the significant sentences:

> How often during the War of 1914-1918 was it not clear that statesmen, generals, and admirals became suddenly less efficient through physical fatigue? The great Lord Cromer was wont to attribute the British conquest of the Sudan to a sore throat which rendered him so speechless during General Gordon's visit to Cairo that he was unable

to impress upon that officer's mind the instructions of the Cabinet in London.

The other topic which naturally suggests itself in thinking of Fisher's career is the comparative merits of the academic and the practical life. It is raised most interestingly in a scene in the summer of 1892 when the young scholars, Fisher and Gilbert Murray, were staying near John Morley in Scotland. Morley gives the younger men a farewell text as they leave:

> and kneeling on the floor, read out from a well-worn little copy of Bain's life of J. S. Mill by the light of a single candle the master's prescription for a happy life; that we should never expect from life more than life can give, and that the happy life should be three parts practical.

Fisher remarks that as it happened both were "swept into the centre of public affairs", and he almost implies that in the combination of the academic and the practical life real happiness is to be found, that Matthew Arnold, poet, critic, and inspector of schools, is an exemplar. He writes:

> Yet if I may judge from my own experience there is always a haunting feeling that learning and scholarship and the lettered life can bring content only if combined with some more practical form of active service to the community. Men of the highest genius do not, I dare-say, feel this, but the ordinary Englishman craves for action, and even the most strenuous form of action involved in educational work ceases after some years to fulfil his need. When the first excitements of the intellectual life have worn themselves out, and the pleasure of the chase is abated, he struggles to find an escape from the library into the open air of common life. Administration, politics, travel, philanthropy lure him away from his books.

I have a shrewd suspicion that he is right; the trouble is that in these days of specialization, history—and the same is true of letters in every branch, of art, science, and medicine too—is a jealous mistress, grudging every moment spent out of her company. Happy is he who in wholehearted devotion to history feels that he is also serving humanity. He is saved the uneasy reflection that in trying to do many things he is succeeding in none.

Before this article ends there must be a selection of gems from this unfinished autobiography; is not this a marvellous collection of *obiter dicta* from 160 small pages?

Fisher:

> The five things most precious in a woman, family love, faith in goodness, music and poetry, high courage in misfortune were all hers (his mother's).

Sewell, Warden of New College, to Fisher, a Freshman, in 1884:

> The most important part of your education here, Mr. Fisher, will be the reading of the lessons in Chapel.

F. W. Maitland:

> No one should teach philosophy at a University unless he either thinks he has it in him to make a system of his own or is zealous to preach the system of another.

Frank Bright, the Master of University College, to Fisher, beginning teaching in Oxford:

> It will take you ten years to feel comfortable in the saddle.

Mr. Lloyd George in 1916:

> If the Kaiser and Hindenburg were present at this table I would give them a tip. I would say to them, "Win victories if you like in

the East, but get yourself beaten as soon as possible on the Western Front. Otherwise you will have a very hard peace".

Henry Sidgwick
used to say that Governments were always right, meaning, I suppose, that with the resources of the British Civil Service behind him, a minister has little excuse for going wrong.

Mr. John Burns, to Fisher, piloting the Education Bill through Parliament:

Young man, I have been watching you in Committee. You don't know how to get a Bill through. You try to make your speeches interesting. Send them to sleep, Mr. Fisher, send them to sleep.

Stuart-Wortley
told me that during the thirty-six years during which he had held the Hallamshire seat he had never once been approached by an armament firm in this great city of armaments (Sheffield) to procure for it favours at Whitehall or Westminster.

Michael Collins, in London for the signing of the Irish Treaty:

"Where are your thoughts now, Mr. Collins?" asked the beautiful Lady Lavery, as she drove her moody Irish guest down Whitehall. "They are with the boys of Cork", he replied; "I'm wishing they were here to see this spectacle of might. Then they would know that they could not beat the British Empire".

James Bryce:

If Canada did not exist it would be to the interest of the United States to invent her!

A. J. Balfour's rule for the perfect creation:

The dream of youth executed in maturity.

M. Herriot, asked what struck him most on his first visit to England, replied:

"Two things, first your rabbits and second your flowers".

One other point struck me in reading these fascinating pages. I often wondered whether epithets and phrases flowed from Fisher's pen without thought or whether they were the result of much cogitation. Take one only: Fisher calls the ex-Bishop of London "that most expansive and engaging of Anglican clergymen"; was that spontaneous, I wondered? How much it says—and does not say!

ALBERT PEEL.

WORTH NOTING FROM RECENT BOOKS.

THE presupposition of effective evangelism, and the first step towards achieving it, is a truly dedicated church.

When we turn to the task of evangelistic preaching we must still call on the laity. It is impossible for clergy and ministers alone to preach the Gospel to the detached multitudes. If they are to be reached it must be by lay witnesses. Their testimony is the more effective because it is not professional. The folk who are already religious do not discount the testimony of a minister on the ground that it is his job to give it, and they welcome the special help that should be forthcoming from one who is set apart to give most of his time to the study of the spiritual life. But the man outside feels differently, and to him the lay witness is the most effective. We must move nearer to a state of affairs where the minister stands for the things of God before the congregation, while the congregation stands for the things of God before the outside world.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *The Hope of a New World*.

Calvinists abounded in seventeenth-century Paris; and hundreds of these were converted. In this work Olier made full use of earnest and well-trained laymen. A certain cutter, Jean Clement, 'sometimes made six converts in one day'. For a colleague he had a draper, Beaunais, and it is recorded of both these fine men that they were 'mighty in the [vernacular] Scriptures'.

ERNEST OLDMEADOW, *Francis Cardinal Bourne*.

But once the Christian Church took shape as a visible organization with visible officers and concrete ceremonies, our attention began to drift away from the true and inward Spiritual union with Christ and fastened itself on the visible and concrete organization. The wealth, the power, the prominence, and the magnificence of the organization became our objects, and in our anxiety to enlarge her powers and add to her recruits it is almost certain that large numbers were admitted who were converts in name but not in true understanding. These people could not grasp a spiritual and inward union, their whole minds were impressed with the importance and reality of outward and political union and power, and their admittance hastened the eclipse of the original and true nature of Christ's Kingdom. . . . So Christianity became materialized. Organization and ritual gradually increased. As the Church grew and became fashionable, hordes of not truly converted proselytes were admitted, whole nations entered her doors with the conversion of their king or leader, and with these crowds of nominal converts, pagan customs crept in, and as they could not be suppressed or abolished they were given Christian names and changed into Christian festivals. Material symbols began to be admitted. No doubt we all find it easier to keep our attention fixed on a material symbol than on a spiritual conception and so they seem to aid our devotion and worship. But 'God is a Spirit and we must worship Him in Spirit and in truth', and these material symbols instead of aiding our true worship really diverted it into false channels.

CECIL P. MARTIN, *The Decline of Religion*.

A striking quality of contemporary poetry is, in fact, the spirit of revolt from a religion whose essence is form and whose priests constitute a

hierarchy of privilege in favour of a practical application of the golden rule. I do not believe that the average American reader has any conception of the thoughtful young Britisher's attitude towards the established Church.

J. G. SOUTHWORTH, *Sowing the Spring.*

The churches are troubled, but it is about their numbers, their finances, their enterprises, and not about what alone matters gravely, their message and the embodiment of it in their own fellowship.

JOHN OMAN, *Honest Religion.*

What was great in Calvin was his belief that all trust in man is a broken need and that there is no security save in God, but that, with this, nothing is impossible. Nor is there other immovable foundation for a faith able to support, in any crisis and against any foe, the cause of liberty.

JOHN OMAN, *Honest Religion.*

I, too, have made a wee-little book from the same materials, which I call the Philosophy of Jesus; it is a paradigma of his doctrines, made by cutting the texts out of the book, and arranging them on the pages of a blank book, in a certain order of time or subject. A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen; it is a document in proof that *I* am a *real Christian,* that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus, very different from the Platonists, who call *me* infidel and *themselves* Christians and preachers of the gospel, while they draw all their characteristic dogmas from what its author never said nor saw. They have compounded from the heathen mysteries a system beyond the comprehension of man, of which the great reformer of the vicious ethics and deism of the Jews, were he to return to earth, would not recognize one feature. . . No doctrines of his lead to schism. It is the speculations of crazy theologists which have made a Babel of a religion the most moral and sublime ever preached to man, and calculated to heal, and not to create, differences. These religious animosities I impute to those who call themselves his ministers, and who engraft their casuistries on the stock of his simple precepts. I am sometimes more angry with them than is authorized by the blessed charities which he preaches.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS AND REVIEWS.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

THE TEACHING OF FRIEDRICH KOHLBRÜGGE

THE National Church of Holland is said at the present time to be overrun with "Barthians", and for this fact two reasons are sometimes given by Dutchmen. One is that Barth has so much to give young ministers who are facing the problem of what they should preach and what preaching means; and the other is the influence of Hermann Friedrich Kohlbrügge.

Kohlbrügge was born in Amsterdam in 1803. First a Lutheran, he became a convinced Calvinist, and applied for admission into the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church. His application was refused on technical grounds, though it appears that the refusal was really based on the antipathy of all parties in the Dutch Church at that time to the very extreme type of Calvinism which he had espoused. He eventually found a congregation, however, at Elberfeld in Germany.

A Fundamentalist of the Fundamentalists, he accepted unquestioningly the infallibility of the Bible, and also the real existence of the devil. His sermons are full of references to the "converted" and the "unconverted", or more often to the "elect" and the "reprobate", and he plainly regarded the "elect" as exceedingly few in number. He awaited Christ's Second Coming with a joyful simplicity; and seems to have taken a highly puritanical view of worldly amusements. His politics were as conservative as his religion. He spoke of "the devil's communism", from which true Christian fraternity was "as far removed as heaven is from hell"[1]; and said that "the attempts which are being made in the present day to emancipate slaves, are ruinous to the serving and the served".[2] Even in his own time he seemed to live in an intellectual backwater. Perhaps Edward Irving, with whom his name has been coupled in one volume of Barth's *Dogmatik*, forms the most appropriate English parallel. Impossible as it may seem that such a man as this can have anything to say to us in the twentieth century, I believe that certain essential elements of the Christian light were delineated by him in a more penetrating way than by any other writer of his time, or of ours.

His incredibly narrow world-view was combined—and that not at all artificially or accidentally, but integrally—with a deep insight into the meaning of the words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged". The greatest of sins, in his view, was censoriousness. When he preached from the text, "Love covers a multitude of sins", he did not treat it, as so many do, as if it meant that the possession of the virtue of Love made up for the lack of any number of other virtues. He knew that it meant that love "covered" or bore with the sins of others, as Christ's love has "covered" the sins of us all. The Christian must never consider himself "wronged" by anybody, but must bear with every sort of reproach and persecution as being what, after all, he justly deserves at God's hands.

> Although I suffer unjustly at the hands of God's enemies, yet, *Shimei* could not curse *David* unless God had bidden him; and from Him I have deserved much more than this![3]

[1] H. F. Kohlbrügge, *Sermons on the First Epistle of Peter*, translated by Octavius Winslow (1856), 521.

[2] *Ibid.*, 255. [3] p. 626.

This duty of "covering" all sins and accepting all reproofs in love is paramount.

> Above all things, have fervent love among yourselves: and this "*above all*", necessarily pushes even the care for our salvation—the commended "sobriety and watchfulness unto prayer"—into the background[4].

Such love is in fact the natural outcome of the realization that God has taken our salvation into His own hands, and that we may trust Him to take good care of it. Therefore, if we are afraid that the poverty of our love quite excludes us from the Christian promises, we are to

> look not so much at our own feelings as at Christ and *His* love: let this be our chief concern and aim, to ascertain that we possess Christ and are found in His love, for then it becomes His affair, and He will make it evident that we do love in truth, and "hold together in love which is the bond of perfectness", yet without making a boast and show of it, as the hypocrites do.[5]

It was this line of thought which was behind his opposition to all kinds of rebellion, political or economic or domestic. He saw the spirit of "Pharisaism" in all those who

> though rejoicing in God's word, have yet, not only seen, but denounced the enormities of their civil governors, and, indignant at the ill-treatment endured, either by themselves individually, or by the church at large, striven to weaken the hands of government, or even to attempt its overthrow[6].

Just as the believer must accept all persecution, however evil may be the human agent of it, as God's own judgment upon himself, so he must accept all government, however evil the governors may be, as God's own means of reining in his self-will. Rebellion always originates in

> the strong desire of the natural man to maintain his own opinion, follow his own way, do his own work, and hold all that is the Lord's in his own hands, instead of believing and "committing himself to God who judgeth righteously"[7].

The Christian will welcome and take to heart the apostolic exhortations to political submission because he knows only too well into what miseries the opposite disposition of self-will can lead him:

> He stood but too long in the way of God and his own happiness, while striving to explain and solve everything according to his own will and desire. Alas! how long was his soul's rescue hindered and delayed by his fancying himself somewhat, and that he should be somewhat. But this being somewhat, this could and should being somewhat, oh, into what depths of death did it not plunge him![8].

Kohlbrügge's conservatism is thus of a very different kind from that of Christian sociologists who seek to establish political authority on the basis of "orders of creation" or "natural law". It does not move for a moment outside the obligations laid upon Christians as Christians. Speaking of St. Peter's series of exhortations to political obedience, he says:

> Beloved hearers! we should greatly misunderstand the verses just read, . . . did we regard the inspired writer as now promulgating a system of ethics and rules of conduct, after having first laid the foundation of faith[9].

On the contrary, this submission is simply part of that abandonment of

[4] p. 496. [5] p. 503 [6] pp. 236-7.
[7] p. 246. [8] pp. 238-9. [9] p. 229.

self-will and placing of ourselves in God's hands which is of the essence of faith itself. There is not the slightest suggestion of a political programme, conservative or otherwise, which Christians are to put before the world at large for its examination and approval. Nothing is said about those universally-revered" Christian values" which Lord Halifax and others call upon all men to defend.

Here Kohlbrügge's viewpoint is in strong contrast with that of the various "Christian Parties" built up by other Dutch Calvinists. In this as in other respects, his closest disciple today is Karl Barth, who says that the rule of political conduct given in *Rom.* 13

> does not indicate a norm imposed upon mankind in general, but one imposed on Christians in particular[10].

Says Barth again,

> If . . . we were to refuse to do our duty as citizens, we should be denying God just as much as if we were to disavow our Confession in the church[11].

And Kohlbrügge:

> Whosoever excludes himself from the exhortation (to political submission), excludes himself likewise from the company of the elect[12].

What is in question is no "defence" of something already achieved that all the world can see and appreciate, but the Christian's continued obedience to his invisible Lord in that faith which "worketh by love", the love that "vaunteth not itself" and "seeketh not her own".

> Every believer fulfils the duties of his place and calling, as if he therein served God and Christ[13].

Christian citizenship is not co-operation in a great social enterprise for the joint achievement or preservation of what we all believe to be good; it is "humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God".

Unquestionably this approach raises problems of which Kohlbrügge seems hardly to have been aware, and which he certainly did not go far towards solving. He does not seem to have ever had to preach before political rulers, and has very little to say about how *they* are to practise this "submission". Perhaps the greatest light is shed on this point by a sermon on a subject apparently quite unconnected with it—the subject of Hospitality. The Christian must be always willing and ready to receive guests, and should reflect that he himself is a sinner deserving none of the things he actually possesses, while his guests are "kings and priests" sent from God, to be received as if God Himself were being received. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." This does not mean, however, that the Christian life is all giving and no receiving, that Christians can only be givers and the receivers of our gifts must always be heathens. On the contrary, the Christian life is one long "receiving", and the Christian gives freely precisely because he knows that he is always "in debt"; but all that he takes he regards as in the strictest sense a gift, and never as his "due". Any one of us may be the "neighbour" through whom God makes His demands on men; but we cannot ourselves set out to be as God to our fellows:

> God's children never lay claim to love on their own behalf.[14] . . . The right given by God to the stranger, is to be regarded by *him* as *God's free gift,* not as a booty on which he may seize, or as a personal right which he may claim and enforce[15].

[10] *Church and State,* 35.
[11] *The Knowledge of God and the Service of God,* 228.
[12] *op. cit.,* 233. [13] p. 542. [14] p. 503. [15] p. 518.

And the stranger has his own special duties of love towards his host.

In the field of politics, this means that political authority is a gift—it is a situation in which men are placed by a divine disposition of circumstances, just as they are sometimes placed in the situation of guests. It is not a privilege which men can arrogate to themselves as a right, and it is fundamentally a call to exercise special duties of love towards those who are placed in the situation of subjects—duties of protection and guidance which must not be relinquished or exercised lovelessly no matter how difficult or unruly or ungrateful the subjects may be, just as the Christian subject's duty of submission must not be relinquished no matter how harsh or unjust the ruler may be. What this might mean could perhaps be indicated by the example of some Japanese employers who go on paying wages and also such things as sickness allowances to their men even when the latter are on strike and the factory is losing money heavily.

The most important and definite feature of Kohlbrügge's fragmentary politics was this fact that although he was a Calvinist he was not a Covenanter. He did not believe that the mutual obligations of rulers and subjects in any way originated in a "contract" from which one party could be released by the default of the other. It is not really the ruler, good or bad, but God, who lays on the subject the duty of quiet obedience; and it is not the subject, good or bad, but God, who lays on the ruler the duty of protection and guidance; and for that reason these various duties are unconditional and cannot be relinquished by Christian men. "Because iniquities abound, the love of many shall wax cold", but not the love of Christ's "little flock".

This approach has been somewhat ingeniously developed by Karl Barth into the theory that the Christian's obedience to God rather than men may be regarded as a continuation of one aspect of submission to the State even when the State does not desire it. For the Christian must under all circumstances *pray* for those in authority, and he must resolutely continue this prayer even when an anti-Christian government makes all Christian prayer illegal[16]. Something of the same spirit seems to lie behind the rather eccentric form of revolutionary socialism expounded by Georges Sorel, who believed in strikes but not in sabotage. The "service" of the worker is his work done well, and he must not do it badly or turn his energies to destruction no matter how harsh his earthly employer may be. But if the employer is himself in effect a *saboteur*, if he is making the labourer work merely for his own wages and his employer's profits, and handing over the results of his labour to destruction or prostitution, it may be the worker's duty to look for some other means of fulfilling his calling.

There is no evidence that Kohlbrügge ever so much as began to conceive the possibility of applying his doctrine in such a way as this. In discussing the duties of "servants" he simply states as emphatically as possible that they are forbidden under any conditions either to do shoddy work for their masters or to purloin any of their personal property:

> If a groom take his master's oats, hay, or straw, without his knowledge and permission, he has stolen it from Christ. If a workman make bad work, and demand the price of good, he cheats Christ of the balance[17].

For Christ

> demands from men the performance of a duty, in the calling to which He hath appointed them, and not in what man devises or imagines to be his work[18].

Kohlbrügge lived before the days when good workmanship in America came

[16] K. Barth, *Church and State*, 69-70. [17] p. 361. [18] p. 260.

to consist in the destruction of oranges immediately after they had been picked, with unemployment in Europe being solved at the same time only by "war-economy" and then actual war[19]; and his sermons do not include any on the "calling" of the man who is out of work.

His main error was perhaps a too mechanical and "static" conception of how God dispenses these "gifts" of political and economic authority. Men just "find themselves" rulers or masters, just as they find themselves men and not women. To everyone is assigned his "calling", and he must simply stay where he is put. It seems likely that he would have given to rulers precisely the same advice as he gives to subjects when he says,

> It is a matter of little moment to the believer what form of government exists in the land of his pilgrimage. Whether it be a pure monarchy or a constitutional government, or a republic, or an autocracy, he leaves things as he finds them[20].

Such a view has some plausibility in a settled condition of society, but very little in a time of social turmoil like our own. It is not so easy today to discover who "the powers that be" actually are.

One can say with reasonable certainty that Kohlbrügge would have advised private Christians to submit as humbly to the personal depredations inflicted upon them by a revolution, as to those inflicted by a "constituted" tyranny; and he would have denounced the tendency of much modern conservatism to express itself in lawlessness and rebellion when the existing government is not to its liking. One thinks here not only of General Franco or the Black and Tans, but of the common disposition of powerful and responsible men and groups to treat a Labour Government, on the few occasions when there has been such a thing, as not a real Government at all. Kohlbrügge would also have been not unmoved by W. H. Auden's answer to Christians who fear that a Communist *régime* would involve religious persecution, that they should be ready to show the disinterested character of their faith by accepting such an eventuality if this *régime* would be in other respects the best. He would unquestionably have been in accord with Martin Niemöller's observation regarding the exhortation to prayer for the authorities in *1 Timothy:*

> These words refer, not to a Christian government, and not even to a government which is neutral in religious matters, but to the Emperor Nero and His councillors; and so Paul is imposing on the Christian community the exacting duty of including its avowed enemies and persecutors in its prayers. To understand these words rightly we should, therefore, have to be living today as Christians in Russia and not in present-day Germany[21].

But he has no guidance for actual rulers who are faced with the question whether they should give up their authority to another claimant to it, or try to retain their power at all costs; or for humbler men who are faced with the demands of conflicting political powers.

Nor has he anything to say about the conflict of "powers that be" involved in warfare. The sacredness he attached to all *de facto* political situations makes it appear that he would have urged Christians to go to war unquestioningly at the command of whoever happens to have at the time the power to enforce it; though he would certainly have added that soldiers on neither side should bear any malice for injuries inflicted by those on the other, that censorious judgments on the acts of the enemy

[19] See, on this subject, Mr. J. Middleton Murry's broadcasts on "Europe in Travail," reproduced in *The Listener*. [20] p. 241.

[21] *The First Commandment*, 47. (This sermon was, of course, preached before the true character of Nazi rule had become apparent.)

should be rigorously eschewed, and that we should be prepared to accept reverses even at the hands of a plainly evil foe as a just divine punishment of our own sins. All this, however, hardly solves the practical difficulties of those living in the midst of guerrilla warfare in China, one day under the orders of the Chinese irregulars and the next under those of the invaders. Kohlbrügge was aware of the *suffering* involved in warfare, and believed that it should be as patiently borne as all other suffering; but about the *anarchy* of war he had nothing to say. Although he insisted that the magistrate's "sword" is meant to be and must be used in Göd's service, and that Christians must in all circumstances *submit* themselves to it, perhaps his intense desire that we should be "at peace with all men" would have made him more sympathetic to the refusal to *wield* this sword in the case of conflicts between States, than to other forms of civil disobedience.

ARTHUR N. PRIOR.

Die Kirchliche Dogmatik, II. 1. **Die Lehre von Gott,** von KARL BARTH. Verlag der evangelischen Buchhandlung Zollikon. 1940.

This third instalment of Barth's immense *Dogmatik* was published at the beginning of last year. In war-time it does not seem right to spend two or three pounds on a foreign book, and we owe to the Dr. Williams' Library the loan of this book and so the possibility of a brief notice of it.

We have already reviewed in these columns Barth's introductory volume, published in 1927, to what he then called his *Christian Dogmatics*. That seemed to us not only extreme in its teaching but inadequate in its range of knowledge. That he, too, came to realize, and substituted for it the first volume of his *Church Dogmatics,* the earlier part of which was published in 1932, and has since appeared in English under the title *The Doctrine of the Word of God,* in the admirable translation of Prof. G. T. Thomson. The second part, a thousand big pages of close print, still awaits translation, and it is thus likely to be long before the book before us is translated, if, indeed, it ever is; it may be useful therefore to give some brief account of its contents.

This huge book, nearly 800 big and closely printed pages, is only the first half of the volume devoted to the *Doctrine of God*. It contains two "Chapters". The first "Chapter", which is numbered "Chapter" V, is entitled "The Knowledge of God"; the second, "Chapter" VI, "The Reality of God". In the first of these "Chapters" Barth recognizes now, as once he did not, that God wills to be known. The knowledge of God comes not only "in the consummation of the revelation of His Word through the Holy Spirit" but also "in the reality and with the necessity of faith with its obedience". The content of that revelation is the "existence of Him whom we must fear above all because we may love Him above all, Who remains to us a secret just because He has made Himself so clear and certain to us".

God can be known because He is the Truth, and gives to men to know Him as such in His Word through the Holy Spirit, and man is made capable of knowing God because in the Son he is the object of the divine favour.

In this section Barth reverts once more to the question of Natural Theology and modifies his scornful rejection of it:

> We ought to be merciful and understand—the fact itself is merciless enough—that the Natural Theology of the natural man is his only comfort in life and death. An insidious, untenable, false and perishable comfort, indeed—but that man as such, deprived of the possibility of true comfort, cannot perceive.

But Natural Theology has "no legitimate function in the Church". The Church "cannot serve two masters; it can only serve the one true Master".

The third section of this "Chapter" deals with "The Limits of the Knowledge of God". Barth first emphasizes the "Hiddenness of God". We do not know God through the thoughts about Him "with which we seek to respond to His revelation". Such thoughts in themselves can only create "idols". We need, indeed, "to make use of His permission, in the obedience of faith", but "the success of our undertaking and the reality of human knowledge of God" is dependent on our thoughts about God, sharing in the truth of God, received through grace from God Himself.

The second "Chapter" deals with "The Reality of God". Its first section deals with "God's Being as He who loves in Freedom".

> God is who He is in the fact of revelation. God seeks and creates communion between Himself and us and so He loves us.

Barth lays equal emphasis on God's love and on God's freedom.

The second section of this "Chapter" deals with "God's Perfections"; the third deals with "The Perfections of the Divine Love"—His "Grace and Holiness", His "Mercy and Righteousness", His "Patience and Wisdom". God's grace and holiness can be distinguished, but only when God's love is not known or not believed can they be separated. "Faith in the righteousness of God" is "the source of all comfort".

The fourth section of this "Chapter" speaks of "The Perfections of the Divine Freedom"—His "Oneness and Omnipresence", His "Independence and Omnipotence", His "Eternity and Lordship".

Barth's *Dogmatik* is theology in the grand style. Even the Introductory Volume is longer than the final edition of Calvin's *Institutes*. If Barth completes his work it will rival, or even surpass, in length those ponderous folios of the Protestant Schoolmen which gather dust upon our library shelves. They evidently do not gather dust upon his. In this half volume, as the Index shows, though he quotes Calvin a score of times, he quotes most often, and no less than forty times, from the *Syntagma Theol.* of Amandus Polanus, an old Protestant theologian of whom few of us have any other knowledge. In the first part of his *Dogmatik* Barth quoted from him once only, and that at second hand. He evidently now finds these Protestant Schoolmen congenial reading.

As we were studying this last part of Barth's *Dogmatik*, we had by us as lighter reading the sixth volume of Professor Toynbee's great book, *A Study of History*. In it Professor Toynbee notes as one of the criteria of a "disintegrating society"

> archaism and the attempt to remount the stream of life . . . in the hope of regaining one of those quiet upper reaches that in "Times of Trouble" are regretted the more poignantly the farther they have been left behind.

Is Barth's present scholasticism an indication of this "archaism"? That is too big a question to attempt to answer at the end of a review. But this much may be said. Many of the great Protestant Schoolmen wrote themselves in a "Time of Trouble". And although Barth's treatment suggests "archaism", it is not mere repristination, for he retains his independency of thought and does not merely reproduce the teachings of the old Protestant orthodoxy. To us it seems that theology should be written with greater brevity and simplicity. Yet the very amplitude of Barth's treatment is impressive in its massiveness. His theology is no longer "a theology of crisis" and of reaction, but a great restatement of Calvinistic orthodoxy, and as such deserves the attention of all who have to teach theology.

SYDNEY CAVE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—FRANCIS BACON.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—JOHN MILTON.

(*The place of publication is London unless otherwise stated.*)

The Christian Fellowship. By NELS F. S. FERRÉ. New York: Harper. $2.00.

American Christendom has an advantage over us in this country in that it embraces scholars of different national and ecclesiastical backgrounds. The Americans gathered in the International Congregational Seminar last winter represented many different church traditions; to some of the more conservative of them it came as a surprise to learn that in the ministry of American Congregational Churches were men who would be called, and some who would call themselves, "Unitarian". Sometimes, even in the pages of this journal (so much so that we have been accused of leaning too much to the conservative and "orthodox" side), there have been statements about the decay and even the death of Liberal Christianity both here and in America; these statements, sometimes made by those who have never visited the States, are, like reports of the death of Mark Twain, "greatly exaggerated"; perhaps, in the jargon of our day, they are merely "wishful thinking". Nobody acquainted with a ministry like that of Dr. J. Gordon Gilkey, at Springfield, Mass., would label Liberal Christianity as a museum piece. In the Seminar just mentioned, if Dr. Gilkey stood towards the Left, Prof. Nels Ferré was his opposite number towards the Right. Born in Sweden and a disciple of Nygren, Dr. Ferré was at an early age made Professor of Christian Theology at Andover-Newton, and he has already begun to count in the thought of the American Churches: his *Swedish Contributions to Modern Theology* was reviewed in our last volume by Dr. Cave.

This new book may be warmly commended. It would make an admirable textbook for a ministerial study circle on the subject of the nature of the Church, to which so much attention is now being directed. It is perhaps a pity that the book opens with a difficult philosophical introduction, in which Prof. Ferré wallows in technical terminology (this may be his besetting temptation), which may put off some who would benefit by the lucid exposition of the succeeding pages. For Dr. Ferré can write vigorously and effectively; thus:

> If the Christian love be sufficiently strong and wise, heaven can be heaven only when it has emptied hell. Only a failure of nerve and a sense of moral defeatism could make us accept Barthianism as a theological absolute.

Here is the outline of the book as indicated by the chapter-headings: Religious Knowledge as a Social Act; The Unity and Continuity of the Christian Faith; The Basis of Christian Fellowship; Liberal Thought and the Religious Absolute; The Kingdom of God and the Christian Church; Symbolism and Sacramental Theory; Christianity and Karma—the Relation of the Christian Fellowship to a Non-Christian Fellowship; The Christian Fellowship as a Social Theory.

The last two chapters—the last one compares the Christian fellowship with Communism, Fascism, and Freudianism, and claims it presents an

adequate social theory—perhaps could have been spared for a further analysis of the nature of the fellowship and an investigation of the question of church discipline. The chapter on "Symbolism" is able, but it does not face the position of those who find symbols and sacraments a hindrance and not a help to religious life, and we find it unconvincing. But Ch. IV, on "Liberalism", is masterly. Prof. Ferré concludes that it is possible to be both liberal and evangelical. This is the way in which he goes to the root of the matter:

> The world is made for God, and without Him it encounters ever new forms of disaster. Without the worship of God the world must find absolutes: in the political-economic realm, totalitarianism; in the religious realm, the new orthodoxy. Our chief concern is this: Will our new orthodoxy be both adequately supernatural and adequately liberal?

Our space is gone. But we must give one more example of Prof. Ferré's style and method:

> To be happy a man must be free, and he cannot be free without voluntary loyalties. Freedom without faithfulness soon becomes void and destructive. The monotony of empty freedom drives men to relieve it in many evil forms from peevishness to war. Neither liberty nor loyalty, moreover, is ever fully realized apart from a fellowship motivated by good will . . . Christianity is the key to an ideal civilization, for it opens the way to the only kind of community in which men can find permanent and full satisfaction.

A good book. Is "differ with" American? It is not English.

EDITOR.

Honest Religion. By JOHN OMAN. Cambridge Press. 7s. 6d.

This unpretentious little volume is worth its weight in gold. Dr. John Oman has long been known as a most profound and original philosopher-theologian who has consistently vindicated the right of religion to be and to be dominant in the life of man. He has written at least two great books which will live—*Grace and Personality* and *The Natural and the Supernatural*—and he has now added to them a third, in which he sums up and rounds off his teaching as a whole. This he does in a way which is strictly relevant to the needs of this present war-scarred world, but he is at the same time not unmindful of the eternal values which are at stake.

The book is posthumous. After its author's death it was found complete and ready for the press. It has been published under the guidance of Oman's son-in-law, F. H. Ballard, and contains welcome but all too brief biographical sketches by his lifelong friend George Alexander, and his distinguished pupil H. H. Farmer.

The title is in itself a challenge, and one which the author is not afraid to meet. He writes:

> In religion we must be as bold, as free, as honest, as prepared to face all realities as in science or philosophy. Slavery to tradition, fear of enquiry, submission to institutions, are not religion but the want of it, not faith but unbelief.

Oman contends that Christians are suffering today, not from freedom but from the refusal to bear the responsibilities of freedom. It is not the open mind but the closed mind that we have to dread, and our waiting upon God should be a reasoning together so that we may clear our own minds and understand His. From this point of view he proceeds to discuss some of the great themes of our Christian faith—revelation, prophecy, inspiration,

the fatherhood of God, Jesus and the Kingdom of God, sin, salvation, forgiveness, the fellowship of the Spirit, the Church and the churches. Though his treatment of these subjects is brief and sometimes even sketchy, he never fails to get at the heart of them and to illuminate them from his own knowledge and experience of life. It is not easy reading, but the book amply rewards any care and attention devoted to it. There is a great deal in it of the man himself and of his intense and living faith in God. Much of it may be summed up in the following words:

> Under the sense of the chaos around us, any hope of order has its attraction. Yet, for my part, I can find no sense in life and no meaning in history on the view that God is as much concerned with correct doctrine, approved action and regulated institution as man is. To have made us all infallible in every judgment and undeviating in every action would surely have been child's play for His omnipotence. But if the soul-directed order be the freedom of God's children, and it involve knowing God's mind of our own insight, and doing His will of our own discernment and consecration, and having a relation to others which is a fellowship mutual both with God and man, and, that, in the end God will not be content with less, surely we can see, dimly at least, the necessity for the long hard way man has had to travel.

Those who are so sunk in dogmatic slumbers that they dread being awakened have no need to fear if they put themselves in Oman's hands. With him the liberty of the children of God is in very truth a way of life and a means of salvation.

W. B. Selbie.

The Drama of Religion. By A. C. Baldwin. Oxford Press. 10s.

Mr. Baldwin is an American Congregational minister, and for some years has been Chaplain and Instructor in Religion at Phillips Academy, Andover. He has had considerable experience in teaching the Bible to students of High School standard, and he has written this book out of his experience in order to help other teachers to a better understanding and a more intelligent presentation of biblical religion. As his title indicates, he reviews the whole long process of the development of the Hebrew faith from its most primitive forms to its full revelation in the work and person of Jesus Christ. His treatment of the Old Testament is thoroughly sound and takes full account of recent critical and historical investigations, and all the way through puts the story of Israel in its proper historical perspective and relates it as occasion offers to contemporary events. His treatment of the New Testament is somewhat less original, but probably sufficient for his purpose. The one criticism we would make is that he deals with the whole subject as a matter of development rather than of revelation, though reading between the lines it is not difficult to see that only a belief in revelation makes the long process intelligible. His book may be recommended to all those who wish to read the Bible with understanding, and especially to those who have to interpret it to others. It should be a real boon to teachers.

W. B. Selbie.

The Philosophy of David Hume. By Norman Kemp Smith. Macmillan. 25s.

All serious students of philosophy, especially those who are attracted by the revival of interest in the philosophy of Hume, will be grateful for this book. Those who are acquainted with the author's earlier work, *Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy,* and his more recently published work on *The Dialogues of Hume,* will anticipate the wealth of insight, scholarship and suggestiveness which the present work reveals. This volume is both timely

and instructive. It corrects the general tendency to regard Hume as nothing more than an out-and-out sceptic. As the author points out, this interpretation of Hume first gained currency through the writings of Thomas Reid, Beattie, and Dugald Stewart, and it was later accepted by James Mill, John Stuart Mill, and Bain, and also by Leslie Stephen. Dr. Kemp Smith contends strongly against this generally accepted view:

> In direct opposition to Leslie Stephen's view . . . I shall endeavour, in the course of this volume, to establish the contention that Hume's philosophy can be more adequately described as naturalistic than as sceptical, and that its main governing principle is the thorough subordination—by *right*, if not always in actual fact—of reason to the feelings and instincts, *i.e.*, to the "impressions" of sensation and reflexion.

No doubt, in Hume's analysis of Berkeley's premisses, the result is scepticism, but Hume, himself, rejects, according to Dr. Kemp Smith, any sheerly sceptical position as thoroughly untenable. In its place Hume develops a "doctrine of natural belief". This, indeed, as the author maintains and demonstrates by a comprehensive examination both of Hume's ethics and theory of knowledge, is the most characteristic doctrine in Hume's philosophy. In the main, this "doctrine of natural belief" has been overlooked by Green and those who have emphasized Hume's so-called scepticism. The "doctrine of natural belief" falls outside the sphere of reason altogether. Our two fundamental beliefs—in the independent existence of material objects and in causation—do not spring from the senses, which yield only a flux of fleeting sensations, nor from rational thinking, since the causal axiom is non-demonstrable and cannot be proved: they can, therefore, best be described as *natural beliefs*, which are not susceptible of either proof or disproof, and which are "innate" in human nature.

In Hume's arrival at this central position, Dr. Kemp Smith maintains that not sufficient allowance has been made by previous exponents for the influence of Francis Hutcheson. The tendency has rather been to regard Hume as standing in the direct line of philosophic development through Locke and Berkeley. The Hutchesonian influence, particularly his doctrine of Moral Sense, has been under-estimated. An important section of this volume is therefore devoted to an exposition of the teaching and influence both of Hutcheson and of Newton, and the interesting point is made that Hume, as influenced especially by Hutcheson, arrived at his characteristic "doctrine of natural belief" first of all in the field of Moral Philosophy. He went beyond Hutcheson in applying it to his theory of knowledge.

In his preface to this intensely interesting and most readable volume the author suggests that here we have the clue to many of Hume's inconsistencies of which all serious students of his works are aware. But a reviewer must leave these matters to the reader of the volume itself. Dr. Kemp Smith's conclusion is: "Hume's ethics is integral to his general philosophic outlook, and stands or falls together with it". It is difficult to resist the conviction that a careful perusal of this volume, which covers the whole range of Hume's philosophy, as expounded both in the *Treatise* and the *Enquiries*, will confirm in the mind of the reader the author's main contention. The volume is fully documented and there is an index of proper names.

JOHN SHORT.

Life and Thought in the Greek and Roman World. By M. CARY and T. J. HAARHOFF. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

This brief but comprehensive survey of Greek and Roman life is anything but a redundant addition to the many books already written on

this subject, partly because of the excellence of its execution and partly because it endeavours to treat Greek and Roman life as a single subject. Writers so often have confined their attention to either Greeks or Romans or else to certain selected aspects of Greek or Roman civilization. This book, however, stresses the resemblances rather than the disparities between the two civilizations: *series iuncturaque pollet,* "it is continuity and connexion that count". This point of view has of course been recently emphasized by Professor Toynbee in his great *Study of History,* where Greek and Roman civilization is regarded as *one* civilization and labelled the Hellenic.

Professors Cary and Haarhoff start with an interesting chapter on the Geographical Background, which stresses the fact that since the Greeks and Romans lived in neighbouring countries which possessed a similar climate and physical structure, the "geographical control" imposed upon them a fundamentally like manner of living. This is followed by an excellent sketch of the Political Background and by chapters on the Material Background (Food and Drink, Dress, Housing, Towns, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Serfdom and Slavery, Travel) and Social Life (Family Life and the Position of Women, Indoor Entertainments, The Town as a Social Centre, Dramatic Performances, Music, Physical Recreations, Athletics and Sports). Then come chapters on The Written and the Spoken Word, Philosophy and Science, Art, Literature, Education and Scholarship, and finally Religion. The reputation of the authors as historical and classical scholars ensures that the account is essentially reliable, but it is more than that: we have here an eminently readable first-class handbook which may be heartily commended to all students and readers who wish to gain a general introduction to the background of that ancient world from which so much that is best in our modern civilization derives.

HOWARD H. SCULLARD.

Europe's Apprenticeship: A Survey of Medieval Latin with Examples. By G. G. COULTON. Nelson. 8s. 6d.

Every year more people are heard lamenting that Christendom no longer has one language. Even persons who believe themselves to be sensible Protestants say wistfully that one of the more unfortunate results of the Reformation was that it ended the period in which Europe had no language barriers across it. At times the speaker is merely ignorant. At times he is merely propagandist. Usually he is merely both. In this charming and learned little book Dr. Coulton examines the dangerous half-truth in the common *cliché*: "Medieval England had three vernaculars—English, French, and Latin". No living scholar is better qualified to speak about the available evidence: most people would find it impossible to name a scholar who is as well qualified. What is Dr. Coulton's verdict? He finds that

> the more correct Latin which was written in the ninth century, and still more definitely the far correcter Latin of the twelfth, were to a great extent artificial languages.

Dr. Coulton asks how well even the well-educated monk, nun, parson, and layman knew Latin; and he presents an amazing amount of evidence in a comparatively few pages.

This first part of the book is full of good stories. It shows, we think, beyond controversy that in the highest ecclesiastical circles genuine familiarity with Latin was always something of a notable accomplishment. The medieval cleric did not think in Latin. Latin was not as "natural" to him as his vernacular. Dr. Coulton does not rely on the exceptional ignorance

of scandalous persons. He takes a fair average, and no one is more quick to recognize the merits of medieval Latin writers:

> Sometimes, in the Middle Ages and beyond, Latin did what no vernacular could possibly have done. Its lapidary force lent itself perfectly to liturgical poetry. St. Thomas Aquinas could have written his best hymns in no modern language.

A second section gives a useful, short account of medieval schools. Dr. Coulton endorses the verdict of Leach and Rashdall: medieval schools were not intended for the poor (in the modern sense of that word). As Leach says,

> The notion that the endowments of Winchester or any other school before Christ's Hospital . . . have been perverted from the patrimony of the poor into an appanage of the rich, will not bear investigation.

The third section, almost half the book, contains examples of medieval Latin: biblical, liturgical, and many other sorts of verse and prose. The selection is such as only a profound scholar could make. Any of us can make a poor anthology. To make a good one is the work of scholarship verging on genius. To this section lovers of the Middle Ages will turn again and again. As we work through these passages we meet at first hand many of the best known and most important and most typical medieval people. We are present at many of the most famous and most typical medieval scenes. We stand again with St. Augustine and his mother, "leaning at a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house" at Ostia, and we hear Monica confess that her last wish in life is granted: her son is a Catholic Christian; or we walk in summer with the Archbishop of Ravenna as he goes about his palace singing "some responsory or antiphon in praise of the glorious Virgin" and having a drink at each corner "from a pitcher of excellent and noble wine. For he was a mighty drinker and loved not water with his wine". It is all the more to be regretted that his proof readers have served Dr. Coulton so scurvily. We had proposed to print the list of errors of every sort; but it is too long.

This book is for the specialist and for the general reader. It should deal a shrewd blow at one of the many fatuous fables about the Reformation. What we now need is a short book to bring home to the general reader the explosion of two other fables: the fable (to which Professor Tawney lent his name) that there is an almost inherent connexion between Protestantism and the misdeeds of capitalism; and the fable (to which most Anglicans lend their names) that classical Protestantism had little use for the Visible Church and the Gospel sacraments.

B. L. MANNING.

Journal, 1940. France, Canada, The United States, Bombed Britain. By ALBERT PEEL, Litt.D. With an Introduction by Lord Macmillan. Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.

In this little volume Dr. Peel records a singularly varied experience during a year as critical for the testing of mankind as any in history. The B.E.F. in France, America before and after the invasion of Holland, Canada in war-time, England facing the *Blitz*, are all depicted in these vivid pages. They make a contribution, out of all proportion to their bulk, to the understanding and appreciation of these grim times. The chapters about the variations of feeling in the United States, and about the relations between Canada and Great Britain are, perhaps, to those who are familiar with the British attitude to the war, the most valuable. If Dr. Peel succeeds in his

task of interpretation and so sets forward the common feeling and purpose which unite the English speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, he will have increased the power for peace and goodwill which is potentially the greatest in the world.

WILLIAM EBOR.

SHORTER NOTICES & DESCRIPTIVE LIST.

(*Books marked * are recommended for ministerial reading*).

The Congregational Union wisely invited Dr. W. B. Selbie to write its second Lenten book, which bears the title **God and Ourselves* (Indep. Press, 3s. 6d.). In his Preface Dr. Selbie says in characteristic fashion that a book for Lenten reading should be useful for reading the year through, and that the description "devotional" should not be thought the equivalent of lacking in intellectual content. This book is suitable for Christians to read at all times, and he who reads with understanding will have a not inadequate idea of what the Christian faith really is. He will learn of God in Nature, in History, in Christ, and of the Divine Initiative in Redemption; he will find outlined how man can approach God—in Faith, in Prayer, in Worship, in Service. There is never any doubt what Dr. Selbie means, and this is an excellent little book to put into the hands of thinking young people. The frequency with which hymns are employed in illustration is enough to suggest that the whole treatment is suffused with the writer's own deep religious faith. We trust the book will have a large sale, and that ministers will make it known to their flocks.

The Bishop of London has turned to his brother of Winchester, Dr. C. F. Garbett, for his Lent book, and *We Would See Jesus* (Longmans, 2s. 6d.) is proof that he knew what he was about. The book is only short—84 pp. —but it is an admirable sketch of the life and teaching of Jesus which Christians of all denominations could read with profit. It is, by the way, time that bishops, if not compositors, could spell Dr. Moffatt's name; another old puzzle is presented by the book: why do some writers capitalize "our" in "our Lord"? Capitalize "Lord" by all means, but let us keep ourselves in the lower case, where we deserve to be.

The "Christian Challenge" series (Centenary Press, 3s. 6d.) is in every way to be commended, and Canon Roger Lloyd's **The Mastery of Evil* well maintains the standard, though it is more stimulating than satisfying. Canon Lloyd always writes interestingly if not always relevantly; perhaps writing comes to him too easily. Here is a study of Shakespeare's tragedies and a synopsis of Prof. Toynbee's *Study of History*, as well as many an incisive comment on the state of the world today. Of course, readers will often want to argue with Canon Lloyd: we ourselves would like him to spell Swinburne properly, and to make up his mind whether "Professor" and "Society of Corporate Penitence" (his great desideratum) should have capitals, and we long to learn how he knows that St. John was naturally Christian and did not need conversion. But the book's merits far outweigh its faults, and we hope it will be widely read.

Readers may spend a pleasant half-hour in comparing their own lists of *Famous English Sermons* (Nelson, 5s.) with that of Mr. Ashley Sampson. His preachers are Bede, Richard Wimbledon (1388), Colet, Latimer, Donne, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Swift, Wesley, Butler, Newman, Robertson, Spurgeon, Magee, Scott Holland, and two living preachers, Dr. Campbell Morgan and the Rev. C. S. Lewis. At times we imagine dissent will be violent:

Wesley but no Whitefield, Magee but no Church or Liddon; Spurgeon, of course, could not be omitted, but Baptists may think this sermon, with its insistence on eternal punishment, should have been balanced by one from Alexander McLaren, the finest expository preacher of the 19th century. Modern Anglicanism might well have been represented by something other than a brilliant—too brilliant—sermon recently preached before the University of Oxford by the Rev. C. S. Lewis, and while Congregationalism has no better expository preacher than Dr. Campbell Morgan, he should scarcely keep out Dale and Jowett, Forsyth and Horne. There is no Presbyterian—not even Thomas Chalmers or Alexander Whyte.

The twenty-four sermons in the Rev. J. S. Stewart's *The Strong Name* (Clark, 7s.) are a sure proof that the day of the preacher is not over. We read these sermons immediately after another volume of sermons, in which every discourse had relation to the war, and every illustration was a personal one, and we could not help but ask which sermons would be readable and helpful in twenty years' time. Mr. Stewart deals with fundamental things, and therefore his sermons will live; the four on "God and the Fact of Suffering" are specially good. The illustrations are often the stock-in-trade of every preacher—Matthew Arnold's Bethnal Green preacher, Dr. Dale on Easter Day and the like—but even then they are treated freshly; others are much less familiar, and once or twice we wished the preacher had indicated their source. This is a volume for those who have to preach and those who have to hear; only let those who have to preach beware; once when lecturing with Mr. Stewart at a summer school a minister said, "Tell Mr. Stewart to publish another volume of sermons; I preached the last one forwards, and now I'm preaching it backwards". That is why sermons like these may be a snare; they are so good that lesser men will use them without assimilating them and adding to them their own stamp and seal.

Dr. Cecil P. Martin's *The Decline of Religion* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.) confirms us in the view that it would be an excellent thing for the Church were its educated laymen to occupy the pulpit often. There are many excellent sermons in this thoughtful and stimulating book, and the earnestness, even the passion, with which the author writes would make him an effective preacher. Not that we always agree with this Professor of Anatomy; indeed, his chapters continually make us speculate about his upbringing, which we should suspect was in a devout Irish fundamentalist home. He combines with a scientific outlook a conservatism about the Bible which is surprising; he thinks all higher critics are extremists like Loisy, or budding Ph.D.s who must find something new, and then suddenly takes his own line on a subject like the Atonement. While it is good to find a scientist giving the Bible a central place, his chapter on it is strangely unconvincing, and the following chapter, "The Story", is weakest of them all. But the treatment of pain and evil is admirable, and the chapter on "Ecclesiasticism" is searching. The churches have temporized and compromised, accepted the world's standards and not Christ's, worshipped bigness, power, infallibility, localized holiness in time and place and come to regard position and not the spirit dwelling in the heart as central. The Church believes that

> a man becomes a Christian by joining the Church, he does not join the Church by becoming a Christian; it places the organization first and the principles for which the organization is supposed to exist second.

See also "Worth Noting".

Mr. G. Norman Robbins's *World Chaos and the Only Way Out* (Birmingham: Cornish, 6d.) is salutary if unpleasant medicine for Christians. Among other failings the Church

> has not consistently placed in the forefront of its working gospel the need, and indeed the moral rightness, of a bounteous material supply for *every* human being . . . has allowed immense fields of what is really Christian activity to be sub-let almost entirely to other bodies . . . has rarely exerted any discipline whatsoever upon the activities of its members in the social and economic sphere.

Father J. Brodrick's *The Origin of the Jesuits* (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) is one of those books which inspire confidence from the first page: it is clear and readable and we feel that the writer is master of his subject. Also it is happily devoid of partisanship: only one or two expressions in the footnotes, such as the description of Borrow as an "outlandish bigot", would we wish away. The title scarcely describes the book's contents, for a large part of it is given to the work of Francis Xavier.

We are indebted to the enthusiasm of Prof. H. J. Cadbury, of Harvard, for the new Supplement of the Friends' Historical Society, *The Swarthmore Documents in America* (3s. 6d.). Prof. Cadbury has secured photostats of the scattered correspondence of George Fox and the early Quakers now in the possession of various institutions and individuals in New England, and where they have not been printed elsewhere they are here transcribed. Students of the early history of Quakerism will find the volume very useful. Once again in an age of original spelling we feel that Fox was the most original of all: we wonder whether other readers will ponder "farraces" as long as we did: it is merely "Pharisees"!

The Lincoln Record Society is to be warmly congratulated on its achievements during the thirty years of its history. Volume 33 is the first of three volumes of *Visitations in the Diocese of Lincoln, 1517-1531* (The Society, Lincoln), edited by Prof. A. Hamilton Thompson. This volume consists of Atwater's visitations from 1517 to 1520, and the transcripts are prefaced by an introduction of 100 pages which is as interesting as it is competent; so much so, that we forgive Prof. Hamilton Thompson for the first none-too-relevant pages, especially when we remember the arduous task of copying.. Every student of English church history should be made to master the "elementary details" recalled on pages xxv and xxvi—about rectors, vicars, and curates, appropriations and non-residence, and the respective responsibilities of vicars and congregations in regard to church buildings.

It is impossible here to outline these returns: it is clear that often the visitation was casual and perfunctory, and *"omnia bene"* was frequently reported without due investigation. As one studies these pages the main impression is of the poor condition of many of the church fabrics and of the lack of character and learning in the clergy. We had always been prepared to discount considerably the surveys of the clergy made by the Elizabethan Puritans, but here we have the same illiterate clergy, neglecting their duties, ale-house haunting, swearing, and all the rest.

Students of ecclesiastical history fifty years hence will no doubt be grateful for Dr. F. W. B. Bullock's *History of Ridley Hall, Cambridge,* of which Vol. I (Cambridge Press, 18s.) takes the story to 1907. Lovers of the Hall and keen Evangelicals will also welcome this detailed account of the work of the Hall under its first Principals, H. C. G. Moule and T. W. Drury, both

of whom became Bishops. The ordinary reader, however, will find the volume far too long and far too detailed, and there is a good deal which might have been omitted to the advantage of book and readers. If Moule is the hero of the story, the Rev. G. A. Schneider, for long Vice-Principal, is the man behind the history, for it is clear that he has been indefatigable in its preparation. Perhaps, when the concluding volume appears, we shall be able to understand why Free Churchmen are often heard to say that they can "work better with Anglo-Catholics than with Evangelicals". But the Evangelicals have moved from the narrow views of the Bible which were once characteristic of them, though we notice they still speak of the position of the Church of England as "fixed at the Reformation". In any case Wycliffe Hall in Oxford and Ridley Hall in Cambridge—they are really twins—have maintained a faithful witness and it is good to have the story of one of them chronicled so faithfully.

Miss E. J. Sweeting's *Early Tudor Criticism: Linguistic and Literary* (Blackwell, 12s. 6d.) is an able and promising study. Translations, Education, The Universities, Rhetoric and Literary Criticism, Early Tudor Drama, Irony and Parody, are all surveyed. The chapters on translation are perhaps the most suggestive, that on translations of the Bible being particularly good. Two points call for mention. In spite of her opening definition of "early Tudor" as "from the late fifteenth century to the accession of Elizabeth", Miss Sweeting never seems to have made up her mind where to limit her study (there is a strange reference to mid-Tudor near the end of the book; if "early" lasts until 1558, where do "mid" and "late" come in?); this is important because writers like Robert Crowley, who is never mentioned, have much to contribute. Again, Miss Sweeting's words about the knowledge of Latin (p. 68) may need to be revised in the light of Dr. Coulton's latest work, reviewed by Mr. B. L. Manning on another page. Nevertheless the book has good stuff in it, and scholars will find it useful.

We last met Prof. Emery Neff as the author of a book on Carlyle. Now, in *A Revolution in European Poetry, 1660-1900* (Oxford Press, 20s.; almost a penny a page—we fear English readers will not be able to afford American books if this goes on), he has written, so the jacket tells us, "the only short history available in any language of European poetry since the Renaissance". The task Prof. Neff has set himself is impossible, even with a Comparative Chronology (very useful) and bibliography, but he has made a brave attempt, and he would be a dull person indeed who could not learn much from his pages. Readers might try their hand at adding the dates to his chapter headings: Tradition and Reason; The Voice of the North; Joy in Commonalty Spread; The Glory that was Greece; Nature; Wonder; This Uneasy Heart of Ours. Except for two poems (by Baudelaire and Verlaine) which he finds untranslatable, Prof. Neff adds his own rendering into English, and so the way is made easy for those with no French, German, or Italian: they will find the book worth reading as an anthology, but still more for its stimulating power. We have "emeny" on p. 225.

A volume of poems is never easy to review, and an adequate appraisal of Mr. Edmund Blunden's *Poems, 1930-1940* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) is impossible in the space available. Despite its title, the volume includes poems written during the last war and others dating from before 1930. Mr. Blunden always writes with dignity, and there is never anything cheap or tawdry about his verse. His pleasantries come from a mind that is shrewd yet mellow, and his poems on books, ancient and modern, reveal the book-man.

There are many pregnant lines, as, *e.g.*,

> Machines which even change men to machines.

There is, however, little that is lyrical in the volume, though some lines that remain in the memory.

> The pale sun like a coward touched the steel

or

> Of Flanders whence the voice of guns roared on
> To hold love breathless and make years of days;

We enjoyed the "Sketches of Trials" and "Woe to Drunkards", though the description "Jacobean" of a sermon preached in 1635 is strange.

Three new volumes in the useful "Living Thoughts Library" (Cassell, 3s. 6d. each) are *Pascal, Jefferson,* and *Emerson*. The volumes contain an introductory study and selections from the writings; the introducers are respectively M. François Mauriac, Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, and Prof. John Dewey.

With Vol. III (Cape, 12s. 6d.) *Kilvert's Diary* comes to an end. These selections are from the diaries from 14 May, 1874, to 13 March, 1879. The diaries are missing for two periods, Sep., 1875, to March, 1876, and from June, 1876, to Dec., 1877; this is unfortunate, for in the first period one of Kilvert's many love affairs developed rapidly, and in the second he held for a short time the living of St. Harmon's in Radnorshire. This volume has all the familiar features—concern for his parish and its people, extreme susceptibility to the beauty of little girls, a keen eye for natural beauty, and an interest in country customs and superstitions. The selection and editing have been skilfully done, though we have "letter" for "latter" on p. 415. The Editor fails us altogether, however, at a most important point —the last months of Kilvert's life. The diary ends in March, 1879; in August of that year he married; a month later he died. How we should like to know how and where Kilvert met his wife, and of the changes in his *ménage* during these months!

There is much that is prosaic and platitudinous in the diary, but when we ask why we go on reading it Kilvert himself provides the answer:

> Why do I keep this voluminous journal? I can hardly tell. Partly because life appears to me such a curious and wonderful thing that it almost seems a pity that even such a humble and uneventful life as mine should pass altogether away without some such record as this, and partly too because I think the record may amuse and interest some who come after me.

Dr. G. P. Gooch's British Academy paper, *Harold Temperley, 1879-1939* (Oxford Press, 3s. 6d.), is a model of what such appreciations ought to be. It surveys Temperley's contributions to history in a judicial spirit that is happily combined with sympathy and of course with knowledge, for Dr. Gooch more nearly approaches omniscience than any man amongst us. Temperley's death at the height of his powers is rightly called a blow to the cause of historical scholarship, but it is good to learn that several of his writings were so far advanced that they may soon see the light.

Characteristically Viscount Cecil calls his autobiography *A Great Experiment* (Cape, 16s.). No statesman in this or any other country has been so devoted to the League of Nations, and none is less responsible for its failure. The text of the volume is "Peace is indivisible", and Lord Cecil shows

how the failure of British statesmen to realize that fact brought the world to its present pass. How strange it now seems that those who led our people were so slow to learn that "collective action for peace backed by force is effective; collective remonstrances are not": thus they led the country to the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, a transaction "as shameful as anything in our history", of which "no decent Briton can read without acute discomfort". Lord Cecil traces the beginnings of the League, its achievements until 1931 when it reached its greatest influence, and then its gradual fall. There are many pen-pictures of the leaders of the nations—MacDonald, Stresemann, Curzon, Wilson; Lord Simon makes a bad showing, and Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain scarcely a better; Grey was clearly Lord Cecil's hero, and he would have been willing to serve in a Liberal Government under him. In conclusion, Lord Cecil looks to the future; he rejects the pacifist solution, shows the difficulties in the way of Federal Union, and, believing that some League of Nations is inevitable, suggests modifications based on the experience of the last 20 years. Special mention should be made of the delightful (we almost said "charming", one of Lord Cecil's favourite words) Introductory Chapter, in which the story is brought down to 1918. Proof readers have relaxed their vigilance on pp. 147, 289, and 323.

We confess that Miss Vera Brittain's *England's Hour* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.) surprised and frightened us—surprised because Miss Brittain's writing is generally interesting and we found this book dull, and frightened because we have just written a not dissimilar book and wondered whether it would impress readers in the same way. It may be that the fault is not altogether hers: perhaps it is impossible to convey to the printed page the atmosphere of the life Britons are living today. She is partly responsible, however, for, as reviewers found in her *Life* of Winifred Holtby, she never gets herself out of the picture, and her shadow blurs the sharp lines. Possibly with the years her account of life in these wartime days will increase in value, but even of that we are dubious: sometimes the facts are wrong (Anderton's Hotel, e.g., has been gone for some years and is not a victim of the *Blitz*); and do we today need to be forgiven because two centuries ago Britain adopted the policy of the Balance of Power? Often too there is prejudice. Critical of the Church as we have often been, we do not see why Miss Brittain should not regard *The First Year of War* which she picked up in St. Paul's Cathedral as representative of the Christian attitude today, instead of expecting to find in it

> the customary ecclesiastical propaganda about the holiness of this war, the righteousness of our cause, and the necessity of our victory if the impeccable standards of the British Empire were to prevail throughout the world.

Very rarely has one heard this note in the churches of 1940. Here, as often, Miss Brittain seems to be back in 1914.

We confess that a book like Mr. Mahadev Desai's *Maulana Abul Kalam Azad* (Allen & Unwin, 5s. & 3s. 6d.) almost makes us despair. Its contention is this:

> The whole minority problem is a creation of the British Government, and is the culmination of a studied prosecution of the policy of "Divide and Rule" over a period of wellnigh four decades.

The book itself shows that the minority problem is a grim reality. Abul Kalam Azad is pictured by Mr. Desai as Gandhi's opposite number—a *Maulana* and a *Mahatma*. That the Maulana—scholar, theologian, states-

man—is now again President of Congress is, as Mr. Gandhi suggests in a restrained Foreword, a fact "not to be lost sight of by any student of Indian politics". The fact is that in India, as in the Churches in Britain, there is more co-operation and understanding at the top than among the rank and file, but that fact does not make things much easier for those in Britain who sympathize with India's aspirations. Mr. Desai's book is partisan journalism, with many slips, but it drives home the need for liberals in India and Britain to get together and remove misunderstandings which might have disastrous results.

Mr. R. S. W. Pollard's *Conscience and Liberty* (Allen & Unwin, 4s. & 2s. 6d.) does not maintain the promise of an excellent first chapter. Afterwards we have a history of freedom, not always in perspective, and then a discussion of liberty today, which may be welcomed as showing someone is vigilant but which does not always make sufficient allowance for those who do not share Mr. Pollard's views.

So far we have failed, in spite of the General Preface, to discover what is the aim of the editor of "The Christian News-Letter Books". Take the two now before us (Sheldon Press, 1s. 6d. each). Prof. Adolf Löwe's *The Universities in Transformation* is of interest as the result of the observation of a welcome visitor from abroad who has been some years in one of our modern Universities; but its subject-matter is largely specialized, and it would have benefited greatly had American as well as German Universities been brought into the picture. Brother George Every's *Christian Discrimination* is a lively treatment of a vital subject, but many readers will immediately react, "Why should this man's strong prejudices be the criterion for Christian taste?" If we leave aside subjects like art and architecture and come to "Hymns Ancient and Modern", why should we accept the canons of a writer who jeers at Whittier's "O Sabbath rest by Galilee!", and castigates *The English Hymnal* for including "City of God, how broad and far"? Often, perhaps more often than not, we agree with Brother Every, but no man's *ipse dixit*, not even the Pope's, can set the Christian standard in art and letters, architecture and sacred song.

Prof. E. Allison Peers is indefatigable in his attempts to make the British public understand his beloved Spain, but he little realizes how he hamstrings his purpose by the inclusion in *The Spanish Dilemma* (Methuen, 5s.) of the introductory pages about the Civil War; the assumption of authority for the *ex parte* opinions there expressed can do nothing but irritate those who do not accept the writer's views. Had he prefixed p. 26 by some such statement as "There are still diametrically opposite opinions about the War in Spain: my own are strong, and have frequently found expression. In this book, however, I simply desire to describe for English readers what has happened in Spain since the end of the war and to consider the outlook today", readers would have read what he has to say about General Franco's plans and policies with a sense of indebtedness. As it is, some will never reach p. 26—to their own loss and the waste of Prof. Peers's labours. The Italian *débâcle* has made some pages out of date, for it is obvious that Franco's policy waits on events.

Here are two books we read at the same time, and they are very much alike—Mr. Francis Williams's *Democracy's Last Battle* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) and Mr. John Strachey's *A Faith to Fight For* (Gollancz, 6s.). Both are written by "intellectuals" of the Left, men comfortably off, who have already made their mark in politics and in journalism. Both are emphatically anti-

Nazi, but both are concerned as much with the shape of things after the victory has been won as with the winning of it. Mr. Williams precedes his analysis of life in Britain at present by an historical survey of the rise of the Dictators. He believes private profit and national sovereignty must go, and looks to an international Air Force to preserve peace, all national Air Forces having been abolished. Mr. Strachey's "faith to fight for" is, of course, socialism, whose parents are truth and love, now fighting against force, fear, and hatred. Both writers desire the fight against Nazi elements in our own life and thinking to begin now and to be waged along with the external fight; both make practical suggestions to this end; Mr. Williams, *e.g.*, wants an income limit (£2,000 a year the maximum) to be fixed, and the State to take the rest. It remains to say that both have weird ideas about religion: their knowledge of churches—and schools—seems out-of-date. But both books are stimulating and well worth reading.

M. André Maurois's *Why France Fell* (Lane, 5s.) has already been reprinted several times. And no wonder, for everybody is eager to learn why France collapsed so quickly. It is a tragic story M. Maurois has to tell—of disunity, personal jealousy, feminine influence, astonishing lack of foresight. Britain is blamed for her lethargy; though it is admitted that she sent to France the divisions agreed upon, the number was altogether too small. Trust in the Maginot line, failure to comprehend that the nature of war had altogether changed, the insidious nature of German propaganda—of these and many other aspects of the *débâcle* M. Maurois tells in his graphic account of some of the most tragic days in the history of the French people.

The writers of six new Fabian Essays, *Programme for Victory* (Routledge, 5s.), are Prof. H. J. Laski, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Mr. Herbert Read, Prof. W. M. Macmillan, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, a good team. Mr. Nicolson's classical training has not taught him how to spell "apocrypha", Mr. Laski's criticism of British policy in India strikes us as rather unreasonable, Mr. Cole's outline of the policy Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison should now adopt to lay the foundations of a new social order is very interesting, and Prof. Macmillan's "Freedom for Colonial Peoples" easily the most authoritative and suggestive: it should be read by all reformers and by all who believe that here lies one of the toughest problems awaiting the nations. He says:

> The influence of the humanitarians cannot be waved aside as if Livingstone and his successors were the mere dupes of Imperialists. Colonies may be open to exploitation by private interests, and it will not be questioned that there have been black pages in the record. But the outstanding fact about the colonies—their *poverty*—is absolute, not Marxist (induced) poverty; it is *natural*—and the dominant fact is that there is and has been all too little to "exploit".
>
> Whatever the evils of Imperial rule, the moral defects of colonies are mainly *prior* to, and not the result of, Imperialism. Colonial peoples are originally uncivilized peoples. By reason of poverty and lack of economic development there are no funds to pay for even a minimum of health services and education, to fight unusual difficulties of climate, and to counter the effects of centuries of isolation, and lack of the contact with civilization which many now deplore.

Dr. Hermann Mannheim's *Social Aspects of Crime in England between the Wars* (Allen & Unwin, 18s.), said to be "the first scientific investigation into the social history of crime in England since the end of the last war", is

German in its detail and thoroughness. The introductory chapters on criminal statistics, while they have not the human interest of the later chapters, are nevertheless supremely important to students; Dr. Mannheim does good service in showing how statistics must be corrected and what pitfalls there are in their use—a change in a town's police methods, *e.g.*, may set statistics moving up or down in a fashion inexplicable to a student without local knowledge. The sections on the relation of unemployment, strikes, alcoholism, and gambling to crime are backed at all points by statistics, while the chapters on juvenile delinquency, with many case-histories quoted, are depressing reading. Dr. Mannheim has made a useful contribution to social study. There is a misprint on p. 252.

Although its title is misleading, Dr. Mary Denham's *Modern Views on Sex: An Aid to Happiness* (Newnes, 5s.) is a much more satisfactory book than most of its type. The chapter on abnormalities could well have been omitted from a popular book, and we should not be prepared to accept Dr. Denham's counsel on many points. But she writes without prudery yet with restraint, and on this subject this is something for which to be grateful.

While Mr. Lloyd C. Douglas is probably now exercising a much wider influence than when he was pastor of a church, his ministerial background could almost be deduced from some of his novels. In Dean Harcourt, whom readers came to know in *Green Light*, he created a striking character, who reappears in *Invitation to Live* (Davies, 8s.). This sequel is not as disappointing as many, though we fancy those who did not read its predecessor will be rather bewildered. There are many improbabilities in the book, but the sooner the Church realizes that its work will only succeed if done in the spirit and by the methods of Dean Harcourt the better both for the Church and for the world.

It is well that even amid the noise of war Mr. W. Riley can continue to write his pleasant stories of the Yorkshire Dales. Even if *The Voice in the Garden* (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.) has too many romances—we feared Titus and Lady Braide-Smith were to participate in another—these quiet pages of love and faith will give relaxation to many readers. And Mr. Riley is not afraid to introduce religion into his books; Titus, we trust, has still many of his type in the countryside.

All those to whom John Oxenham has given delight for half-a-century—and not only delight but inspiration and help—will be glad to see his name on the title-page of another book. His collaborator in *Lake of Dreams* (Longmans, 8s. 6d.) has been his daughter Erica, herself an author with several novels to her pen; they have given us a pleasant and restful story from which war and strife and other hateful things are absent. It is safe to say that many will enjoy *Lake of Dreams*, and in it forget the world and its troubles, and will wish that to them the opportunity to visit the lake might be given. Since this notice was written Mr. Oxenham's death has been announced, to the regret of his many friends.

Today and Forever (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.) will certainly not diminish Mrs. Pearl S. Buck's reputation as an interpreter of China, ancient and modern. It contains thirteen stories, some of them poignant and powerful, but all showing a knowledge of Chinese life and character that is at once intimate and revealing.

EDITOR.

The Rev. T. Edmunds's *The Christian Remedy* (Hodder, 5s.) is a consideration of our own times with a view to analysing their spiritual disease and finding the cure for their disjointedness. Mr. Edmunds sees the source of our ills in a widespread decay of spirituality. In the first part of the book he is not held back from telling us the worst, and one can only hope that things are not quite so bad as this account of them. The remedy is a recovery of the Christian faith in its historical setting, and not merely as a piece of mysticism. His criticism of mysticism is rather extreme. Briefly, then, this is the substance of the book. But Mr. Edmunds works over the ground with a knowledge and thoroughness which make his book of much more than passing interest. His annotations are often admirably to the point and add greatly to the value of a piece of work which is always on a high level, and written with discrimination.

The Bishop of Liverpool's *The Activity of God* (Centenary Press, 3s. 6d.) is similar in its aim to the last book and is also written for the times. It deals with perplexing issues which the war raises for us all; in particular, it asks how the activity of God in history is to be made credible in such days as these. Dr. David does not get always to the root of matters, and one feels here and there a certain superficiality, and perhaps haste in writing. But the truth that beneath all the seeming madness that is abroad there is a deeper control of the Divine activity was never more needed than now, and Dr. David helps us to grasp this truth.

Another book covering much the same ground, but from the Roman Catholic point of view, is *Christian Crisis* (Burns Oates, 7s. 6d.) by Mr. Michael de la Bedoyere, a well-known journalist on *The Catholic Herald*. The book puts in a strong plea for taking Christianity seriously. The upshot of the argument is that European civilization will only be saved by some sort of return to the Roman hierarchy. Some of the book comes near being propaganda; but there is much that will appeal to all, and much that is far-seeing and wise. After reading these three books there seems something still to be said for the ancient counsel, "Be still, and know that I am God". Suppose we tried that!

A. T. S. James.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.

The late Sir James Baillie's *Spiritual Religion* (Allen & Unwin, 1s.) is reprinted from the *Hibbert Journal*. The Oxford Press gives us a new edition of the "World's Classics" *Imitatio Christi*, and in the same series Trollope's *The Way We Live Now* in two volumes (2s. 6d.). H. G. Aldis's manual, *The Printed Book*, has made a place for itself, and a new edition, partly re-written by Messrs. John Carter and E. A. Cratchley (Cambridge Press, 5s.), is timely.

LECTURES, PAMPHLETS, *ETC.*

Viscount Maugham's *Lies as Allies or Hitler at War* (Oxford Press, 1s. & 6d.) is effective propaganda, though a little bit long. *Poland after One Year of War* (Allen & Unwin, 1s.) comes from the Polish Ministry of Information; it makes us tremble as we realize the nemesis that awaits the German oppressor. Propaganda of another kind is to be found in Federal Tracts 2-7 (Macmillan, 6d. each), in which Mr. Lionel Robbins, Mr. Norman Bentwich, Prof. C. E. M. Joad, and Lord Lugard discuss various aspects of Federal Union. *Evacuation and the Churches* (S.C.M., 1s.) is a significant Report of a Survey Committee appointed by the Churches: it gives one furiously to think.

ALSO RECEIVED.

URSULA WELLS. *Daniel, A Modern Prophet.* Interpreter Series. Murby. 1s. Alive and useful.

A. R. HOWELL. *Church Prayers for War-time.* Oxford Press. 3s. 6d. "For use in Presbyterian and Other Churches".

R. L. ARUNDALE. *School Worship Day By Day.* By a headmaster for the help of headmasters.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review (Jan.). That this is an interesting number may be gathered from the fact that many articles made us want to argue, especially the Rev. F. B. Harvey's smart but not always accurate "The Three R's of Methodism" ("The Independents were dispirited and impotent"). It is good to see an article on Matthew Parker, but we should have deemed it impossible to write one without mention of the Parker Society and its volume of Parker Correspondence. Mr. E. E. Kellett's "Frederic W. Macdonald" is refreshing, but the outstanding contribution is Dr. W. F. Howard's "The Influence of Doctrine upon the Text of the N.T.".

The Hibbert Journal (Jan.). Prof. A. D. Ritchie's "Magic in Modern Politics" makes a fine opening article. Among other contributions are Mr. M. Chaning-Pearce's "Planning: The Dependence of Plan on Pattern", the Rev. W. J. Blyton's "The Phrase and the Spirit", Dr. W. G. Moore's "Significance of the French Collapse", and Miss Lilian F. Gray's "The Bogomils of Yugoslavia".

The Baptist Quarterly (Jan.). The Rev. Violet Hedger opens with "Some Experiences of a Woman Minister", so lively at times that they become ungrammatical. Mr. C. T. Le Quesne pays a tribute to Surgeon Rear-Admiral Eric Pearce Gould, and the Rev. E. A. Payne has an interesting account of the Baptist connections of George Dyer.

The Modern Churchman (Dec.-Feb.). Among the main features in these issues are the Editor's articles on "Worship of Jesus Christ: Its Origin and Significance" and his comments on the outlook for English Institutional Religion, the Rev. J. C. Hardwick's three contributions, and a specially fine study of "The Ministry of the Word and Sacraments" by Canon A. L. Lilley.

The Expository Times (Jan.-Mar.). There are useful contributions by Prof. John Foster, Dr. Wheeler Robinson, and Canon Guy Rogers. Dr. G. F. Barbour's forty years' retrospect of Scottish Religious Thought is valuable. In the March issue Dr. J. S. Whale writes on "Progress".

The Evangelical Quarterly (Jan.). Four interesting articles are Princ. John Macleod's "The Doctrine of the Sovereignty of God", Prof. J. H. S. Burleigh's "St. Augustine on Christian Education", Prof. A. Rendle Short's "The O.T. and Modern Medical Knowledge", and Dr. A. L. Drummond's "Baron Bunsen".

Friends' Quarterly Examiner (First Month). Internal evidence reveals the authorship of the appreciative "memory of Neville Chamberlain", which makes us wish Mr. Chamberlain had never left the Ministry of Health. Prof. H. G. Wood writes on "The Apostles' Creed" and Mr. F. L. P. Sturge on "Education in the Melting Pot".

Religion in Education (Jan.). Five interesting articles are Canon Spencer Leeson's "The Teaching of the Christian Faith", Dr. Maxwell Garnett's "Nazis or Christians", the Rev. Ronald Allen's "A Faith for the Youth Movement", Mr. Arnold Lloyd's "Living Religion in Schools", and Prof. M. V. C. Jeffreys's "Some Suggestions Towards a Modern Christian View of Education". A useful issue.

The International Review of Missions (Jan.). As usual the January issue is largely occupied by the survey of the previous year: the present survey has a useful section on the influence of the war on missions. The Rev. Ronald Rees writes on "Co-operation in West China", and there are book reviews.

World Dominion (Jan.-April). Canon Grensted writes on "Mental Health in War Time", the Rev. J. C. Waters on "A Padre's Job in the Royal Navy", Dr. A. J. Watson on "Widespread Influence of Medical Missions", and Mr. Hugh Redwood on "Where is the Churches' Peace Plan?" There are the usual snapshots of work on the mission field.

Theological Studies (Dec.). This American Jesuit periodical has much by which Protestants might profit. 32 pp. are devoted to "Recent Canon Law and Moral Theology". Other articles deal with Episcopal Absolution, Mariolatry, and St. Thomas's View of Evolution.

Religion and Life (Winter). If names would sell a periodical, which Robertson Nicoll always doubted, this issue would indeed sell well, for we have Jacques Maritain, Paul Tillich, Nels F. S. Ferré, Hugh Vernon White, F. C. Grant, and many more. We hope Prof. John C. Schroeder's students will not gather from "Parsons' Pleasure" that the staple reading of the ministry is novels.

Anglican Theological Review (Jan.). Two valuable articles are Dr. Angus Dun's comparison of the usage and doctrine of the ministry in Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches and Prof. F. C. Grant's "The Anglican Doctrine of the Sacraments"—"Catholic in origin and Protestant in interpretation".

Review and Expositor (Jan.). Dr. G. S. Dobbins discusses "The Problem of Method in Evangelism". Dr. K. M. Kyle writes on sources for the study of the text of the O.T., and Dr. J. W. Shepard on "The Supremacy of Christianity".

In Extremis (Nos. 6-8). No. 6 contains some biblical studies resulting from the Amsterdam Conference and an address on *Die Wahrheit des Christentums* by M. Gaston Deluz.

In No. 7/8 Dr. Barth presents an *Explication du catéchisme de Calvin*, and there are some questions put to the Church by Swiss politicians.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. INGRAM'S *SEX MORALITY TOMORROW*.

Dear Sir,

Some comment from me seems to be invited by Dr. Cadoux's article, in your last issue, on my book. I cannot of course deal adequately within the scope of a letter with all the arguments he advances, but I should wish at once to pay tribute to the sincerity and temperate tone of his criticisms. I can appreciate this the more fully as the last paragraph of his article betrays an attitude of mind which is profoundly at variance with that of the majority of younger men and women today, and with my own standpoint. In my view the "Christian seniors" to whom Dr. Cadoux refers have caused such a degree of social misery that I should almost be prepared to go to the stake, if necessary, in order to resist any re-imposition of the principles which Dr. Cadoux therein implies.

Dr. Cadoux complains of a "certain ambiguity" in my book regarding the distinction between future law, future opinion, and my own predilections. I admitted this ambiguity and make no apology for it, partly because I cannot forecast infallibly the course of mental and administrative development on the part of society. I can merely try to form an accurate judgment of what is happening to the younger generation today and form my conjectures accordingly: and, in the main, I approve of the ethic which seems to be emerging.

I remain unconvinced by the argument that contraception is impermissible because it is not right "to interfere artificially with nature's vital machinery in the life of normal and healthy persons". Man's increasing power to control the processes of nature seems to me to be justified, if that control is used for ends which are considered beneficial to society. The limitation of the family is frequently, under existing conditions, one such end. Control by contraception can only, I submit, be condemned on the lines advanced by Dr. Cadoux if it can be shown that nature works on a moral plan. But all the evidence goes to show that nature in itself is quite amoral: it aims at the reproduction of the species without regard to social circumstances. We recognize this, indeed, inasmuch as we thwart the procreative purposes of nature whenever we exercise moral restraint over our sexual inclinations. I can see no reason from the moral standpoint why, if nature's urge is thwarted by one means, it is wrong to thwart it by the use of scientific invention.

It is significant that Dr. Cadoux is prepared to draw an analogy from the effect of the use of drugs and to apply this to sexual indulgence, for this comparison suggests that he has not freed himself entirely from the type of alarmism which orthodoxy has employed to demonstrate the morality of its prohibitory maxims. It is precisely the falsity of this alarmism which has so heavily undermined the validity of the orthodox case: the physical results of sexual indulgence are not at all what orthodoxy once declared them to be, not at all similar, in fact, to the consequences of drug-taking.

Dr. Cadoux dissents from my claim that Jesus regarded sex-offences less seriously than the sins of the Scribes and Pharisees. But his suggestion that the precedence of the harlots over the Pharisees in the Kingdom only means that the former "were more accessible to His appeal" seems to me a highly remarkable interpretation and very special pleading. Moreover, the whole of Dr. Cadoux's case as to the insistence of Jesus on the indissolubility of the marriage-bond turns on what Jesus regarded as the essence of that bond. The only evidence that Jesus was concerned to lay down or re-affirm a legal code arises from the divorce passages, passages which are so greatly in contrast with the rest of His teaching and so much in accord with the subsequent Christian attitude that they suggest interpolation. I would add that the theory of interpolation cannot be rejected off-hand unless one is prepared to accept the doctrine of verbal inspiration in its most uncompromising form.

Dr. Cadoux does not, I think, avoid the difficulty which arises, and which I pointed out in my book, once the legal vow is made the test of moral conduct: he does not avoid it by relating the vow to the consent of the parties instead of to the ceremony. Neither public nor intimate personal assent belong to the same sphere as moral values, and the attempt to relate them inevitably leads to confusion. On what ethical principle, for instance, can it be held that a vow once undertaken is irrevocable when both the parties desire to revoke it? How far does want of knowledge as to the character of the other partner invalidate a consent? These are the kind of problems which arise whenever the attempt is made to base moral principles on legalistic regulation and contract.

I was interested in Dr. Cadoux's theory as to the origins of the Christian condemnation of abortion. He will, however, note that Lecky takes a contrary view: and Lecky is always a careful authority.

Mr. Watson's letter, also appearing in your last issue, scarcely seems to call for comment, since he admits that he is guilty of the strange procedure of criticizing a book that he has not read. He misunderstands, consequently, the issue which I raised. That issue was not concerned with the rival claims of "married love" and "desire", but between a marriage where there is no love and an unmarried relationship where there is love.

I am grateful to Dr. Cadoux and to you, Sir, for the criticisms of my book and the space allowed for those criticisms. I am sure that it is all to the good that contrary views on this important subject should be freely ventilated. And I must again plead guilty for the inadequacy of my reply in a condensed letter.

Yours faithfully,
KENNETH INGRAM.

THE REV. J. P. PERKINS'S REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor, The *Congregational Quarterly*.

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must protest against the statement of the Rev. J. P. Perkins concerning my uncle, Dr. Ambrose Shepherd, that "a thing which almost broke his heart was the diversion of some members of his family to Romanism". The statement is absolutely untrue, and a reflection on his sound good sense.

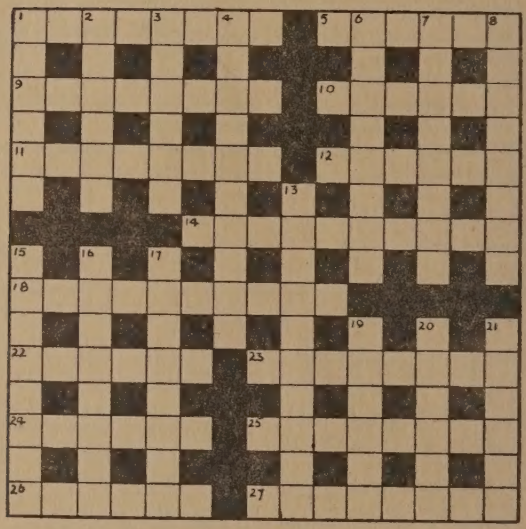
Naturally it was a deep regret to him that his three children left the Congregationalism he loved, but the good side of it was that they had religious convictions strong enough to compel them to take a step which was very painful to themselves. He believed in their sincerity, and that was enough. The happiness of home life was unbroken.

He always resented the unctuous sympathy of people whose children appeared to have no religious convictions at all, and thanked God for his own children.

Faithfully yours,

J. F. SHEPHERD.

CROSSWORD.



ACROSS.

1. The function of "T.T." and "R.J.".
5. A good preacher isn't necessarily a good this.
9. Shines tremulously.
10. If words are arrows is this the congregation?
11. Ultimate.
12. People and height for adviser.
14. Greek Unorthodoxy? (two words).
18. A season for special addresses!
22. O Dover! (Anag.).
23. The marriage partners are often urged to be each to the other.
24. Absorb.
25. Mocking.
26. See 6.
27. A number and a letter before 19.

DOWN.

1. Many a minister is this of oratory tho' not of Arts.
2. Just the theologian for the lazy student.
3. Distant.
4. Smart Agent (Anag.).
6. The professional 5 may thus refer to 26.
7. The wealthiest member is often unfortunately this also.
8. To say a minister is this is not necessarily a tribute to his modesty.
13. Too good a car for the average Manse garage.
15. —— Hall.
16. Not in Autumn, 1940!
17. Terse recommendation of a piece of literature.
19. The Union's Chairman has for many years.
20. Chuck it!
21. Put on.